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MALACHI. *Vol. II.*

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THE

# SETTLERS IN CANADA.

WRITTEN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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# THE SETTLERS.

## CHAPTER I.

When we left off our narrative, our Canadian settlers were enjoying themselves on Christmas-day. On the following morning, Malachi Bone, the Strawberry, and John, set off for their abode to the westward, and Captain Sinclair and his companion went back to the fort. The Indian woman was better, and the family resumed their usual occupations. We must



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now briefly narrate a few events which occured during the remainder of the long winter. Malachi and John made their appearence accompanied by the Strawberry almost every Sunday, and the old hunter appeared gradually to become more reconciled to the society of others, and sometimes would remain for a day or two over the Sunday. The Indian woman in the course of three weeks was quite recovered, and signified, through the Strawberry, her wish to leave, and join her tribe. To this, of course, no objection was raised; and having received a supply of provisions, she took her leave at the latter end of the month of January.

February,—March followed, and the winter still continued, but the sun became more powerful, and the weather was not so severe. It was not till the middle of April that the lake was clear of ice and the thaw commenced, and then it was so rapid, that the little stream became

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quite an impetuous torrent, and a large portion of the prairie land was under water. A few days, however, sufficed to change the scene; the snow which had covered the ground for so many months had all disappeared; the birds which had been mute or had migrated during the winter, now made their appearance, and chirped and twittered round the house; the pleasant green of the prairie was once more presented to their view, and Nature began to smile again. Other ten days passed, and the trees had thrown out their leaves, and after one or two storms, the weather became warm and the sky serene.

Great was the delight of the whole party at this change; and now the cows were put out to their pasture, and Emma and Mary went milking as before, no longer afraid of meeting with the wolves. The boat was launched, and Percival and John went out to procure fish.



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Alfred, Henry, and Martin, were very busy picking up the cleared ground, to sow the first crop. Mr. Campbell worked all day in the garden; the poultry were noisy and bustling, and soon furnished an abundant supply of eggs; and as now the hunting season was over for a time, Malachi and the Strawberry were continually coming to visit them.

"Oh! how delightful this is," exclaimed Emma as she stopped at the bridge and looked on the wide blue lake; "is it not, Mary, after having been cooped up for so many dreary months?"

"It is, indeed, Emma; I do not wonder at your flow of spirits; I feel quite another person myself. Well, if the winter is long and dreary, at all events, it doubly enhances the value of the spring."

"I think it's very odd that Captain Sinclair has not come to see us; don't you, Mary?"

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"I certainly did expect him before this," replied Mary; "I presume, however, his duty will not permit him to come."

"Surely he could get leave now that the weather is fine; there was some reason for his not coming during the winter. I hope he is not ill."

"I hope so too, most sincerely, Emma," replied Mary; "but come, sister, we must not loiter; hear how the calves are bleating for us to let them have their breakfasts; we shall have more of them very soon; yes, and plenty of milk, and then we shall have plenty of churning; but I like work when the weather is fine."

After breakfast, Emma expressed her surprise to Alfred at Captain Sinclair's not having made his appearance, and her fear that he was not well. Alfred, at her request, promised to walk to the fort in the afternoon, and ascertain how matters were.

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John, who had not forgotten the advice of Malachi, brought in a basket of fine trout from the stream almost every day, and the supply of fish and eggs proved very acceptable, for the beef had all been consumed, and the family would otherwise have been reduced to salt-pork.

Alfred, as he had promised Emma, set off for the fort, accompanied by Martin. He returned the next morning full of news. Captain Sinclair was, as Emma had imagined, unable to come, having had a severe fall, by which he had injured his knee, and was laid up for a time: he was, however, in very good spirits, and the medical officer had promised that he should be well again in a fortnight; he sent his kind regards to all the family. The commandant also sent his compliments to Mr. Campbell, and desired to acquaint him that in a week or ten days, it was his intention to send a boat to Montreal, and if Mr. Campbell had any purchases to make,

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or wished to send any one by the opportunity, he might do so, and the boat would bring back the articles he required. They had had no further communication with Quebec, but expected a runner to come every day with the letters from England and newspapers; and further, that he hoped soon to be able to pay his respects in person.

Such was the information brought by Alfred; Emma made many inquiries relative to Captain Sinclair as Mary stood by, and Alfred laughed at her extreme inquisitiveness. The proposition of the commandant relative to the trip to Montreal was then discussed. Old Malachi had several packages of furs to dispose of. Martin had five, Alfred three, and Henry two; for, although we made no mention of it, on their hunting excursions, whoever killed the animal, was entitled to the skin. The packages of Malachi were, however, of some value, as he had many beaver and other skins, while those

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of Martin and the others consisted chiefly of deer-skins. The question was whom to send down with them. Malachi was not inclined to go, Martin could not well be spared, and, moreover, would very probably get into some scrape if he went to Montreal; whereas Henry and Alfred did not know any thing about the value of skins; otherwise, Mr. Campbell, who wished to purchase flour and pork, besides several other articles, would have preferred sending one of them. But the difficulty was soon removed by old Malachi, who observed, that he had made a valuation of his skins, and that the others could be valued also before they were packed up; and that if not sold for what they ought to fetch, or nearly so, they had better be brought back. Mr. Campbell was satisfied with this arrangement, and Henry was appointed to undertake the journey. Mr. Campbell made out his inventory of articles; Mrs. Campbell added her list, and all was ready as soon as

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they received notice that the boat was to leave. Martin did not appear at all annoyed at not being selected for the expedition; since Malachi Bone had informed them that the Strawberry was not his wife, as they had supposed, Martin was continually by her side. She began to speak a few words of English, and had become a great favourite with every body.

Mr. Campbell, as soon as he perceived that Malachi no longer avoided them, thought it but his duty to offer him his land back again, but Malachi would not consent to accept it. He said he did not want the land, although, perhaps, he might raise his lodge a little nearer to them than it was; at present, things had better remain as they were; after which Mr. Campbell did not renew the subject. Malachi soon acted upon his remark, that perhaps he might raise his lodge a little nearer, for a few days afterwards, he made his appearance with the Strawberry and John, all three loaded with

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his household utensils, and in a very short time he had erected another wigwam within sight of the house at the western end of Mr. Campbell's prairie. This gave great satisfaction to Mrs. Campbell, because John was now always near to them; indeed, he no longer slept in the lodge, but at the house in the room with his brothers. The major part of the day he passed at the lodge or in company with the old hunter; but by this new arrangement, they gradually became as it were one family; not a day passed that the Strawberry did not come to their house and make herself useful, assisting in every thing that she could, and rapidly learning what she did not know.

One or two evenings after the message from the fort, Mrs. Campbell asked Malachi some questions relative to the habits of the beaver, as she had heard much of the sagacity of that animal.

"Well, Ma'am," said Malachi, "it's a most

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reasonable animal certainly, and I will say, I never was tired with watching them; I've even forgot in the summer time what I came out for, from having fallen in with them at work."

"And so have I," said Martin. "I once was lying down under a bush by the side of a stream, and I saw a whole council of them meet together, and they talked after their own fashion so earnestly, that I really think they have a language as good as our own. It's always the old ones who talk, and the young ones who listen."

"That's true," replied Malachi. "I once myself saw them hold a council, and then they all separated to go to work, for they were about to dam up a stream and build their lodges."

"And what did they do, Malachi?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Why, Ma'am, they did all the same as

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Christians would have done. The Inguns say that beavers have souls as well as themselves, and certainly if sense gave souls, the Inguns would be in the right. The first thing that they did was to appoint their sentinels to give notice of danger; for the moment any one comes near them, these sentinels give the signal and away they all dive, and disappear till the danger is over."

"There are many beasts as well as birds that do the same," observed Mr. Campbell; "indeed, most of those which are gregarious and live in flocks."

"That's true, Sir," replied Martin.

"Well, Ma'am, the beavers choose a place fit for their work. What they require is a stream running through a flat or bottom, which stream of water they may dam up so as to form a large pond of a sufficient depth by the water flowing over and covering the flat or

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bottom several feet; and when they have found the spot they require, they begin their work."

"Perhaps," observed Mr. Campbell, "this choice requires more sagacity than the rest of their labour, for the beavers must have some engineering talent to make the selection; they must be able to calculate as exactly, as if they took their levels, to secure the size and depth of water in the pond which is necessary. It is the most wonderful, perhaps, of all the instincts, or reasoning powers rather, allotted to them."

"It is, Sir; and I've often thought so," replied Malachi; "and then to see how they carry all their tools about them; a carpenter's basket could not be better provided. Their strong teeth serve as axes to cut down the trees; then their tails serve as trowels for their mason's work; their fore-feet they use just as

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we do our hands, and their tails are also employed as little carts or wheelbarrows."

"Pray go on, Malachi," said Mary; "I am quite interested already."

"Well, Miss, I have known these little creatures as they are, raise banks four or five hundred paces in length, and a matter of twenty feet high in some parts, besides being seven or eight feet thick; and all in one season,—perhaps five or six months' work."

"But how many of them do you reckon are at the work?" said Henry.

"Perhaps a hundred; not more, I should say."

"Well; but how do they raise these banks, Malachi?" said Emma.

"There, Miss, they shew what sense they have. I've often watched them when they have been sawing through the large trees with the front teeth; they could not carry the tree,

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that's sartain, if the whole of them were to set to work, so they always pick out the trees by the banks of the stream, and they examine how the trees incline, to see if they will fall into the stream; if not, they will not cut them down; and when they are cutting them down and they are nearly ready for falling, if the wind should change and be against the fall, they will leave that tree till the wind will assist them. As soon as the trees are down, they saw off the branches and arms, and float the log down to where the dam is to be made; they lay them across, and as they lay them one upon the other, of course the water rises and enables them to float down and place the upper ones. But before that, as soon as the lower logs are in their places, the animals go and fetch long grass and clay, which they load upon their flat tails, and drag to the dam, filling up the holes between the timber till it is

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as strong as a wall, and the water is completely stopped."

"Yes," said Martin; "I have heard them at night working away so hard and flapping and spattering with their tails, that I could imagine there were fifty men at work instead of a hundred of those small animals. But they work by day and by night, and never seem tired, till the dam is sound and their work is complete."

"But the raising of the dam is only preparatory, is it not, to their building their own houses?" observed Mrs. Campbell.

"Nothing more, Ma'am; and I think the rest of the work is quite as wonderful."

"But it is time to go to bed," observed Mr. Campbell, "and we must, therefore, leave the remainder of Malachi's story till another evening."

"I am sure that there is not one of the

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party who is more anxious to hear it than I am," replied Mrs. Campbell, rising, "but as you say, it is past ten o'clock, and Malachi and the Strawberry have to go home, so, good night."

"Oh, dear! what a pity!" cried Percival, "I shall dream of beavers all night, I'm sure I shall."



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## CHAPTER II.

For two or three days, Mr. Campbell was very busy making out an inventory of the articles which he required. His funds at Quebec were rather low, but the communication which his agent had made to him of Mr. D. Campbell's intention of paying for the green-house and hot-house plants, made him feel very easy on that score; and he now determined to procure a small flock of sheep, and one or two of the Canadian ponies or galloways, as they would soon be required for the farm, as well as two carts or light waggons used in the country. In the mean time, Alfred, Martin, and Henry

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were very busy putting the seed in between the stumps of the felled timber, merely hoeing up the earth and raking it in, which was all that was required. The quantity of land cleared was about twelve acres, half of which was sowed with oats, and the other with wheat; the piece cleared on the other side of the stream by Malachi Bone and railed in was sown with maize, or Indian corn. As soon as the seed was in, they all set to putting up a high fence round the cleared land, which was done with split rails made from the white cedar, which grew in a swamp about half a mile distant, and which, it may be remembered, had in a great measure been provided by the soldiers who had been lent to assist them on their arrival. The piece of prarie land, on the side of the stream next to the house, was put apart for an early crop of hay, and as soon as they could, they intended to turn the cows into



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the bush, that is to feed in the forest, that they might obtain hay from the other side, which had belonged to Malachi; but the prairie required to be fenced in, and this was the job that they took in hand as soon as the seeds were sown.

"I hope when the Colonel comes over," observed Martin to Alfred, "that we shall persuade him to let us have some soldiers this summer, for we shall want them both for the fencing and getting the hay crop in. Our summers are not very long, and there is plenty to do."

"I think my father intends to make the request," replied Alfred.

"Ah, Sir; he will now see the value of this bit of prairie land to a new settler; instead of having to go in search of hay, as they must do at the fort now, we have plenty for hay, and plenty for feed. So we are to have some sheep I find?"

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"Yes, and I suppose we must build a winter yard for them."

"To be sure we must, for the wolves are very partial to mutton; I think, on the whole, that they like pigs better. I wish we could get the fence up round the prairie, but that we never can do this year without we have help from the fort."

"But will it be safe to turn the cows into the bush?"

"Oh yes, Sir; they will not be hurt by any thing in the summer time; sometimes we have trouble to find them again, but not when they have calves; they are certain to come home every evening to their young ones."

"We shall have quite a herd of cattle; eight calves and eight cows."

"We must only bring up the cow calves, unless your father intends to have oxen for the yoke. We shall require them about the time

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they are fit to break in, that is in two or three years."

"Yes, we shall be great farmers by-and-by," replied Alfred with a sigh; for at the moment he was thinking of Captain Lumley and his nautical profession.

In the evening of the day on which this conversation took place, Malachi Bone was requested to resume his observations upon the beavers.

"Well, Ma'am, as I said the other night, as soon as they have dammed up the river and made the lake, they then build their houses; and how they manage to work under water and fix the posts in the ground is a puzzle to me, but they do fix six posts in the ground, and very firmly, and then they build their house, which is very curious; it is in the form of a large oven, and made of clay and fat earth, mixed up with branches and herbs of all

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sorts; they have three sets of rooms one above the other, so that if the water rises from a freshet or sudden thaw, they may be able to move higher and keep themselves dry. Each beaver has his own little room, and the entrance is made under the water, so that they dive down to go into it, and nothing can harm them."

"How very curious, and what do they live upon, Malachi?"

"The bark of what we call asp-wood, Ma'am, which is a kind of sallow; they lay up great quantities of it in the autumn as a provision for winter, when they are frozen up for some months."

"Well, but how do you take them, Malachi?"

"There are many ways, Ma'am; sometimes the Indians break down the dam, and let off the water, and then they kill them all except a dozen of the females and half a dozen males;

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after which they stop up the dam again, that the animals may breed and increase; sometimes, when the beaver lake is frozen hard, they break into the beaver house from the top; when they do that, the beavers all dive and escape, but as they must come up to breathe at the holes in the ice, they place nets and take them in that way, but they always leave a sufficient number to keep up the stock; they also take them in traps baited with the asp-wood; but that is more difficult."

"But there is another sort of beaver, Ma'am, called the land-beaver, which is more easily taken," observed Martin; "they make holes in the earth like rabbits. The Indians say that these beavers are those who are lazy and idle, and have been driven out by the others for not working."

"Now, tell us what you do when you go out to hunt the beaver in the winter, Malachi."

"We never hunt the beaver only, Ma'am;

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we go out to hunt every thing; we go to the beaver lakes, and then we set our traps for beaver, otter, martin, mynx, cats, foxes, and every other animal, some traps large and some small. We build our hut, and set our traps all about us, and examine them every day; we eat what flesh is good, and we employ ourselves skinning the animals which we take."

"Is the beaver flesh good?"

"Yes, Ma'am, very tolerable eating; perhaps the best we find at that time."

"But what a miserable life that must be," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Well, Ma'am, you may think so, but we hunters think otherwise," replied Malachi; "we are used to it, and to being left alone to our own thoughts."

"That's true," observed Martin; "I'd rather pass the winter hunting beavers, than pass it at Quebec, miserable as you may imagine the life to be."

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"There must be a charm in the life, that is certain," observed Mr. Campbell; "for how many are engaged in it who go out year after year, and never think of laying up any of their earnings."

"Very true, Sir," replied Martin; "what they make from their skins is spent as soon as they get to Quebec, as I know well, and then they set off again."

"Why they are like sailors," observed Alfred, "who after a long cruise spend all their wages and prize-money in a few days, and then go to sea again for more."

"Exactly," replied Malachi; "and what's the use of money if you keep it? A trapper can always take up as much powder and ball as he wants upon credit, and pay with a portion of his skins on his return. What does he want with the rest? It's of no use to him, and so of course he spends it."

"But would it not be better to put it by

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until he had sufficient to buy a farm, and live comfortably ?"

"But does he live comfortably, Ma'am," said Malachi; "has he not more work to do, more things to look after, and more to care for with a farm, than when he has nothing?"

"It's very true philosophy after all," observed Mr. Campbell; "happy is the man who is content to be poor. If a man prefers to live entirely upon flesh as the hunters do, there is no reason why he should work hard and till the ground to procure bread; when the wants are few, the cares are few also; but still even the savage must feel the necessity of exertion when he has a wife and family."

"Yes, Sir, to be sure he does, and he works hard in his own way to procure their food; but trappers seldom have wives; they would be no use to them in the woods, and they have no one to provide for but themselves."

"It appears to me like a savage life, but a

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very independent one," said Mrs. Campbell, "and I presume it is the independence which gives it such charms."

"That's it, depend upon it, Ma'am," replied Martin.

"But what do you do all the summer time, Malachi?"

"Why, Ma'am, we take to our rifles then; there are the deer, and the lynx, and the wild cats, and squirrels, and the bear, and many other animals to look after; and then sometimes we go bee hunting, for the honey."

"Pray tell us how you take the honey, Malachi."

"Why, Ma'am, the bees always live in the hollows of the old trees, and it's very difficult in a forest to find them out, for the hole which they enter by is very small and very high up sometimes; however, when we get a lead, we generally manage it."

"Tell us what you mean, Malachi."

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"We catch the bees as they settle upon the flowers to obtain honey, and then we let them go again. The bee, as soon as it is allowed to escape, flies straight towards its hive; we watch it till we can no longer see it, and walk in that direction and catch another, and so we go on till we see them settle upon a tree, and then we know that the hive and honey must be in that tree, so we cut it down."

"How very clever," said Percival.

"It requires a sharp eye though," said Martin, "to watch the bee far; some of the trappers catch the bees and give them sugar mixed with whisky. This makes the bee tipsy, and he cannot fly so fast, and then they discover the hive much sooner, as they can run almost as fast the bee flies."

"That's capital," cried Percival; "but tell me, Martin, how do you kill the bears?"

"Why, Master Percival, with our rifles, to

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be sure; the easiest way to kill them is when they are in their holes in the hollow trees."

"How do you get them out?"

"Why, we knock the tree with our axes, and they come out to see what's the matter, and as soon as they put their heads out, we shoot them?"

"Are you in earnest, Martin?"

"Yes, Ma'am; quite in earnest," replied Martin.

"It's all true, Ma'am," said the hunter; "the bears about here are not very savage. We had much worse down in Maine. I've seen the Indians in a canoe on a river watching the bears as they swam across, and kill in the water six or seven in one day."

"Still a bear is an awkward sort of animal when it's angry," replied Martin; "and, as we may have them down here in the autumn, it's as well not to let them be thought too lightly of."

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"Indeed, there's no fear of that," said Emma; "as for Malachi, he thinks nothing dangerous; but I have no wish to see a bear. You say we may expect them, Martin. Why so?"

"Because, Miss, they're very fond of maize, and we have a field of it sown, which may tempt them."

"Well, if they do come, I must trust to my rifle," replied Emma, laughing; "at all events, I do not fear them so much as I did when I first came here."

"Don't fire, Miss, without you're sure of killing," said Malachi. "The creatures are very dangerous when wounded."

"Don't be afraid; I'll only fire in self-defence, Malachi; that is, when I have no other chance left. I had rather trust to my heels than my rifle. Were you ever hugged by a bear?"

"Well, I wasn't ever hugged; but once I

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was much closer to one than ever I wish to be again."

"Oh! when was that? Do, pray, tell us," said Emma.

"It was when I was young, that one day I sounded a tree in the forest with my axe, and I was certain that a bear was in it; but the animal did not shew itself, so I climbed up the tree to examine the hole at the top, and see if the bear was at home; as if so, I was determined to have him out. Well, Miss, I was on the top of the hollow trunk, and was just putting my head down into the hole, when, all of a sudden, the edge of the tree which I kneeled upon gave way, like so much tinder, and down I went into the hollow; luckily for me I did not go down head foremost, or there I should have remained till this time, for the hole in the middle of the tree, as I found, was too narrow for me to have turned in, and there I must have stuck. As

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it was, I went down with the dust, and crumbles smothering me almost, till I came right on the top of the bear, who lay at the bottom; and I fell with such force, that I doubled his head down, so that he could not lay hold of me with his teeth, which would not have been pleasant; indeed, the bear was quite as much, if not more, astonished than myself, and there he lay beneath me very quiet till I could recover a little. Then I thought of getting out, as you may suppose, fast enough, and the hollow of the tree, providentially, was not so wide but that I could work up again with my back to one side and my knees to the other. By this means I gradually got up again to the hole that I fell in at, and perched myself across the timber to fetch my breath. I had not been there more than a quarter of a minute, and I intended to have remained much longer, when I perceived all of a sudden the bear's head within a foot of



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me; he had climbed up after me, and I saw that he was very angry, so in a moment I threw myself off my perch, and down I went to the ground at the foot of the tree, a matter of near twenty feet, even faster than I went down inside of it. I was severely shaken with the fall, but no bones were broken; in fact, I was more frightened than hurt; I lay quite still for a little while, when the growl of the bear put me in mind of him; I jumped on my legs, and found that he was coming down the tree after me, and was within six feet of the ground. There was no time to lose; I caught up my rifle and had just time to put it to his ear and settle him, as he was placing his fore-foot on the ground."

"What a narrow escape!"

"Well, perhaps it was; but there's no saying, Miss, which beats till the fight is over."

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## CHAPTER III.

A NOTICE arrived that the departure of the boat to Montreal would take place on the next morning. When the boat came up, it brought Captain Sinclair, to the great delight of the whole party, who had felt very anxious about one with whom they had so long been intimate and who had shewn them so much kindness. His knee was almost well, and, as soon as the first interrogations were over, he made known to them that he had obtained six weeks' leave of absence, and was about to proceed to Quebec.

"To Quebec!" cried Emma, "and why are you going to Quebec?"



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"To confess the truth, Emma," said Captain Sinclair, "my journey to Quebec is but the preparatory step to my return to England, for perhaps two or three months."

"To England! Oh! how I wish —;" but here Emma stopped, she was going to say how much she wished that she was going also, but her uncle and aunt were present, and, recollecting that it might pain them and induce them to think that she was discontented, she added, "that you would bring me out all the new fashions."

"All the new fashions, my dear Emma!" said Henry. "Why, do you wish to be fashionably dressed in the woods of Canada?'

"Why not?" exclaimed Emma, who felt that she must appear to be very foolish, but could not get out of her scrape. "I can look at myself in the glass at all events."

"I will try to bring you out something which will give you pleasure," replied Captain

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Sinclair, "but as for the fashions, I know you are only joking, by your trusting a person so incompetent as I am to select them."

"Well, I do not think you would execute my commission very well, so I will not trouble you," replied Emma; "and now let us know why you are going to England."

"My dear Emma," said Mr. Campbell, "you ought not to put such questions; Captain Sinclair has his own reasons, I have no doubt."

"It is very true that I have my own reasons," replied Captain Sinclair, "and, as I have no secrets, I will with pleasure gratify Emma's curiosity. I do not know whether you are aware that I was an orphan at a very early age, and have been under the charge of a guardian. When my father died, he left directions in his will that I was not to take possession of my property till I was twenty-five years of age. I was twenty-five years

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old last year, and my guardian has written requesting me to come home, that he may be relieved of his responsibility, by making over to me the trust which has been confided to him."

"Will it detain you long?" inquired Mr. Campbell.

"It must not. It is very difficult to obtain leave of absence from your regiment in time of war. It is only through interest that I do so now. On my arrival at Quebec, the Governor will put me on his staff, and then he will give me leave. I shall not stay longer than is necessary, as I am anxious to be with my regiment again. You may, therefore, be certain that, if I am spared, I shall be with you again before the winter, if not much sooner. So now if you have really any commissions for me to execute, I can only say I shall be most happy to comply with your wishes to the best of my ability."

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"Well," observed Emma, "we really were not aware that Captain Sinclair was a man of fortune. You think now you will come back," continued she gravely, "but if once you get to England, you will remain, and forget all about Canada."

"My fortune is not very large," replied Captain Sinclair; "in England, hardly sufficient to induce a young lady of fashion to look upon me, although enough, perhaps, for a sensible woman to be happy upon. My fortune, therefore, will not detain me in England, and, as I said before, my greatest wish is to rejoin my regiment."

"Whether you come back or remain," observed Mr. Campbell, "you will always have our best wishes, Captain Sinclair. We are not ungrateful for your kindness to us."

"Nor shall I forget the many happy hours I have passed in your society," replied Captain Sinclair; "but we shall be melancholy if we

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talk too long upon the subject. The boat cannot remain more than two hours, and Henry must be ready by that time. The commandant is anxious that it should start for Montreal this very evening."

"Then, indeed, we have no time to lose," observed Mr. Campbell; "Henry, get your trunk ready, and Martin will take it down into the boat before we sit down to dinner. It will be a long while before we have you to dine with us again," continued Mr. Campbell to Captain Sinclair; "but I wish you your health and much happiness till you return. Come, girls, look after the dinner. Mary! where's Mary?"

"She went into the room a few minutes ago," said Emma, "but I'm here, and can do all that is required without her or my aunt either. Come, Percival, lay the cloth; Alfred, come and help me, this is almost too heavy for me. Oh, here comes my aunt; now you

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may go away, Alfred; we can get on better without you."

"There's gratitude," said Alfred, laughing.

As Henry had been in daily expectation of the summons, he was not long in his preparations, and in a few minutes made his appearance, accompanied by Mary Percival. They then sat down to dinner, not very cheerful, for Captain Sinclair's unexpected departure had thrown a gloom over them all; however, they rallied a little towards the close of the meal, and Mr. Campbell produced one of his bottles of wine to drink success and happiness to the travellers. It was then time to start. Captain Sinclair and Henry shook hands with Mr. Campbell and the Miss Percivals, and, accompanied by the gentlemen of the party, walked down to the beach.

"I cant't bear parting with any one that I have been so intimate with," said Emma, after

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they were left alone. "I declare I could sit down and have a hearty cry at Captain Sinclair's departure."

Mary sighed, but made no answer.

"I am not surprised to hear you say so, Emma," said Mrs. Campbell. "In England, when we were surrounded with friends, parting was always painful; but here where we have so few, I might almost say only Captain Sinclair, it is of course most painful. However, it's only for a time, I hope."

"It must be very dull to be on duty at the fort," said Mary; "I should not be surprised at Captain Sinclair's not returning."

"I should be most exceedingly surprised," replied Emma; "I am sure that he will come back, if he is not unavoidably prevented."

"Since he has expressed so much desire to rejoin his regiment, I should be surprised as

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well as you, Emma," said Mrs. Campbell. "He is not a volatile young man; but come, we must clear away the dinner-table."

Mr. Campbell, Alfred, Percival, and Martin soon returned, for Captain Sinclair was obliged to push off immediately, that he might return in time to the fort, in obedience to his orders. Malachi and John had gone out on a hunting expedition, and the Strawberry was at her own lodge. The party that sat in the kitchen in the evening was, therefore, much reduced, and the taking farewell of Captain Sinclair did not dispose them to be very lively. A few words were exchanged now and then, but the conversation drooped. Emma spoke of Captain Sinclair's expectations and projects.

"We never know what may come in this world of change, my dear Emma," said Mr. Campbell. "All Captain Sinclair's plans may be overthrown by circumstances over which he has no control. How seldom do we meet

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with results equal to our expectations. When I was practising in my profession, I little expected that I should be summoned to take possession of Wexton Hall; when once in possession, as little did I expect that I should be obliged to quit it, and to come to these desolate wilds. We are in the hands of God, who does with us as he thinks fit. I have been reading this morning, and I made the observation not only how often individuals, but even nations, are out in their expectations. I do not know a more convincing proof of this than the narration of events, which from their recent occurrence, can hardly yet be considered as history, has offered to me. Perhaps there never was so short a period in which causes have produced effects so rapidly, and in which, in every case, the effects have been directly opposite to what short-sighted mortals had anticipated. It was in 1756, scarcely forty years ago, that

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the French, being in possession of the provinces, attempted to wrest from us those portions of America which we occupied. What was the result? After a war which, for cruelty and atrocity, is perhaps unequalled in history, both parties employing savages, by whom the French and English were alternately tortured and burnt to death, France, in attempting to obtain all, lost all, and was compelled, in 1760, to surrender its own provinces to Great Britain. Here is one instance in which affairs turned out contrary to the expectations of France.

"Now again: At no period was England more prosperous or more respected by foreign nations than at the close of the war. Her prosperity made her arrogant and unjust. She wronged her colonies. She thought that they dared not resist her imperious will. She imagined that now that the French were driven from the Canadas, America was all her own;

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whereas it was because the French *were* driven from the Canadas that the colonies ventured to resist. As long as the French held this country, the English colonists had an enemy on their frontiers, and consequently looked up to England for support and protection. They required aid and assistance, and as long as they did require it, they were not likely to make any remonstrance at being taxed to pay a portion of the expense which was incurred. Had the French possessed an army under Moncalm ready to advance at the time that the Stamp Act, or the duty upon tea, salt, &c., was imposed, I question very much if the colonists would have made any remonstrance. But no longer requiring an army for their own particular defence, these same duties induced them to rise in rebellion against what they considered injustice, and eventually to assert their independence. Here, again, we find that affairs

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turned out quite contrary to the expectations of England.

"Observe again. The American colonists gained their independence, which in all probability they would not have done had they not been assisted by the numerous army and fleet of France, who, irritated at the loss of the Canadas, wished to humiliate England by the loss of her own American possessions. But little did the French king and his noblesse imagine, that in upholding the principles of the Americans, and allowing the French armies and navies (I may say the people of France *en masse*) to be imbued with the same principles of equality, that they were sowing the seeds of a revolution in their own country which was to bring the king, as well as the major part of the nobility, to the scaffold.

"There, again, the events did not turn out according to expectation, and you will observe

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that in every attempt made by either party, the result was, that the blow fell upon their own heads, and not upon that of the party which it was intended to crush."

"I remember," said Alfred, after Mr. Campbell had finished speaking, "having somewhere read a story of an Eastern king who purchased a proverb of a dervise, which he ordered to be engraven on all the gold and silver utensils in the palace. The proverb was, 'Never undertake any thing until you have well considered the end.' It so happened, that there was a conspiracy against the king, and it was arranged that his surgeon should bleed him with a poisoned lancet. The surgeon agreed—the king's arm was bound up, and one of the silver basins was held to receive the blood. The surgeon read the inscription, and was so struck with the force of it, that he threw down the lancet, confessed the plot, and thus was the life of the king preserved."

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"A very apt story, Alfred," said Mrs. Campbell.

"The question now is," continued Alfred, "as two of the parties, France and England, have proved so short-sighted, whether the Americans, having thrown off their allegiance, have not been equally so in their choice of a democratical government?"

"How far a modern democracy may succeed, I am not prepared to say," replied Mr. Campbell; "but this I do know, that in ancient times, their duration was generally very short, and continually changing to oligarchy and tyranny. One thing is certain, that there is no form of government under which the people become so rapidly vicious, or where those who benefit them are treated with such ingratitude."

"How do you account for that, Sir?" said Alfred.

"There are two principal causes. One is, that where all men are declared to be equal



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(which man never will permit his fellow to be if he can prevent it), the only source of distinction is wealth, and thus the desire of wealth becomes the ruling passion of the whole body, and there is no passion so demoralizing. The other is, that where the people, or, more properly speaking, the mob govern, they must be conciliated by flattery and servility on the part of those who would become their idols. Now flattery is lying, and a habit equally demoralizing to the party who gives and to the party who receives it. Depend upon it, there is no government so contemptible or so unpleasant for an honest man to live under as a democracy."

"It is my opinion, Sir, and I believe a very general one," said Alfred.

"How far the Americans may disprove such an opinion," continued Mr. Campbell "remains to be seen; but this is certain, they have commenced their new form of government with an act of such gross injustice, as to

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warrant the assumption that all their boasted virtues are pretence. I refer to their not liberating their slaves. They have given the lie to their own assertions in their Declaration of Independence, in which they have declared all men equal and born free, and we cannot expect the Divine blessing upon those who, when they emancipated themselves, were so unjust as to hold their fellow-creatures in bondage. The time will come, I have no doubt, although perhaps not any of us here present may see the day, when the retribution will fall upon their heads, or rather upon the heads of their offspring; for the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation. But it is time for us to think of retiring—good night, and God bless you all."



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## CHAPTER IV.

In two days Malachi and John returned, bringing with them the skins of three bears which they had killed—but at this period of the year the animals were so thin and poor, that their flesh was not worth bringing home. Indeed, it was hardly worth while going out to hunt just then, so they both remained much at home, either fishing in the lake, or taking trout in the stream. Alfred and Martin were still occupied with the farm; the seed had come up, and they were splitting rails for the prairie fence. About a fortnight after Captain

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Sinclair's departure, Colonel Foster came in a boat from the fort, to pay them a visit.

"I assure you, Mr. Campbell," said he, "I was very anxious about you last winter, and I am rejoiced that you got over it with so little difficulty. At one time we had apprehensions of the Indians, but these have passed over for the present. They meet again this summer, but the Quebec government are on the alert, and I have no doubt but that a little conciliation will put an end to all animosity. We expect a large supply of blankets and other articles to be sent up this spring, as presents to the tribes, which we hope will procure their good-will; and we have taken up several French emissaries, who were working mischief."

"But still we shall be liable to the assaults of straggling parties," said Mr. Campbell.

"That is true," replied the Colonel, "but

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against them you have your own means of defence. You would, in so isolated a position, be equally liable to a burglary in England—only with the difference that in England you would have the laws to appeal to, whereas here you must take the law into your own hands."

"It certainly is not pleasant to be in a continual state of anxiety," observed Mr. Campbell, "but we knew what we had to expect before we came here, and we must make the best of it. So you have lost Captain Sinclair, Colonel; he is a great loss to us."

"Yes, he is to go to England for a short time," replied the Colonel, "but we shall soon have him back again. He must be very fond of his profession to remain in it with his means."

"He told us that he was about to take possession of a small property."

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"A property of nearly £2,000 per annum," replied the Colonel. "He may consider it a small property, but I should think it otherwise if it had fallen to my lot."

"Indeed, I had no idea, from what he said, that it was so large," said Mrs. Campbell. "Well, I have a high opinion of him, and have no doubt but that he will make a good use of it."

"At all events, he can afford the luxury of a wife," said the Colonel, laughing, "which we soldiers seldom can."

The Colonel then entered into conversation with Mr. Campbell, relative to his farm, and after many questions, he observed:

"I have been thinking, Mr. Campbell, that it will be very advantageous to the government as well as to you, when your farm is cleared and stocked, if, with the water power you possess here, you were to erect a flour-mill and a saw-mill. You observe that the government

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has to supply the fort with flour and provisions of all kinds at a very heavy expense of carriage, and the cattle we have at the fort will cost us more than they are worth, now that we have lost your prairie farm, so conveniently situated for us. On the other hand, your produce will be almost useless to you, at the distance you are from any mart; as you will not find any sale for it. Now, if you were to erect a mill, and grind your own wheat, which you may do in another year, if you have funds sufficient; and as you may have plenty of stock, you will be able to supply the fort with flour, beef, pork, and mutton, at a good profit to yourself, and at one-half the price which government pays at present. I have written to the Governor on the subject, stating that we have not the means of keeping our stock, and pointing out to him what I now point out to you. I expect an answer in a few days, and should he authorize me, I may make ar-

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rangements with you even now, which will be satisfactory, I have no doubt."

Mr. Campbell returned the Colonel many thanks for his kindness, and of course expressed himself willing to be guided by his advice. He stated that he had funds not only sufficient to erect a mill, but also, if he were permitted, to pay for the labour of any party of men which the Commandant would spare during the summer season.

"That is the very point which I wished to ascertain; but I felt some delicacy about making the inquiry. Now I consider that there will be no difficulty in our arrangements."

The Colonel remained for some time looking over the farm and conversing with Mr. Campbell, and then took his leave.

In the meantime, Alfred and his cousins went out to walk; the weather was now beautifully clear, and in the afternoon the heat was not

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too oppressive. As they sauntered by the side of the stream, Mary said, "Well, Alfred, what do you think of the Colonel's proposition?"

"Yes," observed Emma, "you are a party deeply concerned in it."

"How so, dear coz?"

"Why, don't you perceive that if the mill is erected, you will be the proper person to have charge of it? What a change of professions, from a sailor to a miller. I think I see you in your coat, all white with flour, coming in to dinner."

"My dear Emma, you don't intend it, I am sure, but you do not know that you are inflicting pain upon me. When the Colonel made the proposition, I felt the importance of it, as it would be a source of great profit to my father; but at the same time, I don't know how it is, I have always indulged the idea that we

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may not stay here for ever, and this plan appeared so like decidedly settling down to a residence for life, that it made me low-spirited. I know that it is foolish, and that we have no chance of ever removing—but still I cannot, even with this almost certainty before my eyes, keep my mind from thinking upon one day returning to my profession, and the idea of becoming a miller for life is what I cannot as yet contemplate with any degree of composure."

"Well, Alfred, I only did it to tease you a little—not to hurt your feelings, believe me," replied Emma. "You shall not be a miller if you don't like it. Henry will do better perhaps than you; but as for our quitting this place, I have no idea of it's being ever possible. I have made up my mind to live and die in the Canadian woods, considering it my wayward fate that all 'my sweetness should be wasted on the desert air.'"

"Repining is useless, if not sinful," observed

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Mary Percival. "We have much to be thankful for; at least we are independent, and if we are ever to repay the kindness of our uncle and aunt, who must feel their change of condition so much more than we do, it must be by cheerfulness and content. I have been thinking as well as you, Alfred, and I'll tell you what was in my thoughts. I looked forward to a few years, by which time, as the country fills up so fast, it is very probable that we shall have other settlers here as neighbours, in every direction. This will give us security. I also fancied that my uncle's farm and property became of value and importance, and that he himself became a leading man in the district; not only at his ease, but, for a settler, even wealthy; and then I fancied that, surrounded by others, in perfect security, and in easy and independent circumstances, my uncle would not forget the great sacrifice which my cousin Alfred so nobly made, and

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would insist upon his returning to that profession, to which he is so much attached, and in which I have no doubt but that he will distinguish himself."

"Well said, my sweet prophet," said Alfred, kissing his cousin, "you have more sense than both of us."

"Answer for yourself, Alfred, if you please," said Emma, tossing her head as if affronted. "I shall not forget that remark of yours, I can assure you. Now, I prophesy quite the contrary; Alfred will never go to sea again. He will be taken with the charms of some Scotch settler's daughter; some Janet or Moggy, and settle down into a Canadian farmer, mounted on a long-legged black pony."

"And I too," replied Alfred "prophesy, that at the same time that I marry and settle as you have described, Miss Emma Percival will yield up her charms to some long-legged

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black nondescript sort of a fellow, who will set up a whisky shop and instal his wife as bar-maid to attend upon and conciliate his customers."

"Emma, I think you have the worst of this peeping into futurity," said Mary, laughing.

"Yes, if Alfred were not a false prophet, of which there are always many going about," replied Emma; "however, I hope your prophecy may be the true one, Mary, and then we shall get rid of him."

"I flatter myself that you would be very sorry if I went away; you would have no one to tease, at all events," replied Alfred, "and that would be a sad loss to yourself."

"Well, there's some sense in that remark," said Emma; "but the cows are waiting to be milked, and so, Mr. Alfred, if you are on your good behaviour, you had better go and bring us the pails."

"I really pity Alfred," said Mary, as soon as

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he was out of hearing; "his sacrifice has been very great, and, much as he must feel it, how well he bears up against it."

"He is a dear, noble fellow," replied Emma, "and I do love him very much, although I cannot help teasing him."

"But on some points you should be cautious, my dear sister; you don't know what pain you give.'

"Yes I do, and am always sorry when I have done it, but it is not until afterwards that I recollect it, and then I am very angry with myself. Don't scold me, dear Mary, I will try to be wiser; I wonder whether what you say will come to pass, and we shall have neighbours; I wish we had, if it were only on account of those Indians."

"I think it very probable," replied Mary; "but time will shew."

Alfred then returned with the pails, and the conversation took another turn.

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A few days afterwards, a corporal arrived from the fort bringing letters and newspapers; the first that they had received since the breaking up of the winter. The whole family were in commotion as the intelligence was proclaimed; Mary and Emma left the fowls which they were feeding; Percival threw down the pail with which he was attending the pigs; Alfred ran in from where he and Martin were busy splitting rails; all crowded round Mr. Campbell as he opened the packet in which all the letters and papers had been enveloped at the fort. The letters were few; three from Miss Patterson, and two other friends in England, giving them the English news; one to Alfred from Captain Lumley, inquiring after the family, and telling him that he had mentioned his position to his friends at the Board, and that there could be no call for his services for the present; one from Mr. Campbell's English agent, informing him that he

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had remitted the money paid by Mr. Douglas Campbell for the plants, &c., to his agent at Quebec; and another from his Quebec agent, advising the receipt of the money and inclosing a balance-sheet. The letters were first read over, and then the newspapers were distributed, and all of them were soon very busy and silent during the perusal.

After a while, Emma read out. "Dear uncle, only hear this, how sorry I am."

"What is it, my dear," said Mr. Campbell.

"Mrs. Douglas Campbell, of Wexton Hall, of a son, which survived but a few hours after birth."

"I am very sorry too, my dear Emma," replied Mr. Campbell; "Mr. Douglas Campbell's kindness to us must make us feel for any misfortune which may happen to him, and to rejoice in any blessing which may be bestowed upon him."



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"It must have been a serious disappointment," said Mrs. Campbell; "but one which, if it pleases God, may be replaced; and we may hope that their expectations, though blighted for the present, may be realized on some future occasion."

"Here is a letter from Colonel Foster, which I overlooked," said Mr. Campbell; "it was between the envelope. He says that he has received an answer from the Governor, who fully agrees with him in his views on the subject we were conversing about, and has allowed him to take any steps which he may think advisable. The Colonel says that he will call upon me again in a few days, and that if, in the meantime, I will let him know how many soldiers I wish to employ, he will make arrangements to meet my views as far as lies in his power. We have to thank Heaven for sending us friends, at all events," continued

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Mr. Campbell; "but at present, we will put his letter aside, and return to our English news."

"Dear England!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes, dear England, my good girl; we are English, and can love our country as much now as we did when we lived in it. We are still English and in an English colony; it has pleased Heaven to remove us away from our native land, but our hearts and feelings are still the same, and so will all English hearts be found to be in every settlement made by our country all over the wide world. We all glory in being English, and have reason to be proud of our country. May the feeling never be lost, but have an elevating influence upon our general conduct!"



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## CHAPTER V.

It was very nearly five weeks before Henry returned from his expedition to Montreal. During this time, the Colonel had repeated his visit and made arrangements with Mr. Campbell. A party of twenty soldiers had been sent to work at felling timber and splitting rails, for whose services Mr. Campbell paid as before. The winter house and palisade fence for the sheep were put in hand, and great progress was made in a short time, now that so many people were employed. They had also examined the stream for some distance, to ascertain which would be the most eligible site

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for the water-mill, and had selected one nearly half a mile from the shore of the lake, and where there was a considerable fall, and the stream ran with great rapidity. It was not, however, expected that the mill would be erected until the following year, as it was necessary to have a millwright and all the machinery from either Montreal or Quebec. It was intended that the estimate of the expense should be given in, the contract made, and the order given during the autumn, so that it might be all ready for the spring of the next year. It was on a Monday morning that Henry arrived from the fort, where he had stayed the Sunday, having reached it late on Saturday night. The *bateaux*, with the stock and stores, he had left at the fort; they were to come round during the day, but Henry's impatience to see the family would not allow him to wait. He was, as may be supposed, joyfully received, and, as soon as the first recog-

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nitions were over, he proceeded to acquaint his father with what he had done. He had obtained from a Canadian farmer forty ewes of very fair stock, although not any thing equal to the English; but the agent had worked hard for him, and procured him twenty English sheep and two rams of the best kind, to improve the breed. For the latter he had to pay rather dear, but they were worth any money to Mr. Campbell, who was quite delighted with the acquisition. In selecting the sheep, of course Henry was obliged to depend on the agent and the parties he employed, as he was no judge himself; but he had, upon his own judgment, purchased two Canadian horses, for Henry had been long enough at Oxford to know the points of a horse, and as they turned out, he had made a very good bargain. He had also bought a sow and pigs of an improved breed, and all the other commissions had been properly executed: the packages of

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skins also realized the price which had been put on them. As it may be supposed, he was full of news, talking about Montreal, the parties he had been invited to, and the people with whom he had become acquainted. He had not forgotten to purchase some of the latest English publications for his cousins, besides a few articles of millinery, which he thought not too gay for their present position. He was still talking, and probably would have gone on talking for hours longer, so many were the questions which he had to reply to, when Martin came in and announced the arrival of the *bateaux* with the stores and cattle, upon which they all went down to the beach to see them disembarked and brought up by the soldiers, who were at work. The stores were carried up to the door of the storehouse, and the sheep and horses were turned into the prairie with the cows. A week's rations for the soldiers were also brought up from the fort, and

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the men were very busy in the distribution, and carrying them to the little temporary huts of boughs which they had raised for their accommodation, during the time they worked for Mr. Campbell. Before the evening set in every thing was arranged, and Henry was again surrounded by the family and replying to their remaining interrogatories. He told them that the Governor of Montreal had sent them an invitation to pass the winter at Government-House, and promised the young ladies that no wolf should venture to come near to them, and that the aides-du-camp had requested the honour of their hands at the first ball, which should be given after their arrival, at which they all laughed heartily. In short, it appeared that nothing could equal the kindness and hospitality which had been shewn to him, and that there was no doubt, if they chose to go there, that it would be equally extended to the other members of the family.

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There was a pause in the conversation, when Malachi addressed Mr. Campbell.

"Martin wishes me to speak to you, Sir," said Malachi.

"Martin," said Mr. Campbell, looking round for him, and perceiving that he was not in the room; "why, yes, I perceive he is gone out. What can it be that he cannot say for himself?"

"That's just what I said to him," replied Malachi; "but he thought it were better to come through me; the fact is, Sir, that he has taken a liking to the Strawberry, and wishes to make her his wife."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Sir; I don't think that he would have said any thing about it as yet, but you see, there are so many soldiers here, and two or three of them are of Martin's mind, and that makes him feel uncomfortable till the thing is settled; and as he can't well marry while in your service

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without your leave, he has asked me to speak about it."

"Well, but the Strawberry is your property, not mine, Malachi."

"Yes, Sir, according to Indian fashion, I am her father; but I've no objection, and shan't demand any presents for her."

"Presents for her! why we in general give presents or money with a wife," said Emma.

"Yes, I know you do, but English wives an't Indian wives; an English wife requires people to work for her and costs money to keep, but an Indian wife works for herself and her husband, so she is of value and is generally bought of the father; I reckon in the end that it's cheaper to pay for an Indian wife than to receive money with an English one; but that's as may be."

"That's not a very polite speech of yours, Malachi," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Perhaps it an't, Ma'am, but it's near the

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mark nevertheless. Now I am willing that Martin should have the Strawberry, because I know that he is a smart hunter, and will keep her well; and somehow or another, I feel that if he made her his wife, I should be more comfortable; I shall live with them here close by, and Martin will serve you, and when he has a wife he will not feel inclined to change service, and go into the woods."

"I think it an excellent proposal, Malachi, and am much pleased with it, as we now shall have you all together," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, Ma'am, so you will, and then I'll be always with the boy to look after him, and you'll always know where we are, and not be frightened."

"Very true, Malachi," said Mr. Campbell; "I consider it a very good arrangement. We must build you a better lodge than the one that you are in."

"No, Sir, not a better one, for if you have

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all you want, you can't want more; it's big enough, but perhaps not quite near enough. I'm thinking that when the sheep-fold is finished, it might be as well to raise our lodge inside of the palisades, and then we shall be a sort of guard to the creatures."

"A very excellent idea, Malachi; "well then, as far as I am concerned, Martin has my full consent to marry as soon as he pleases."

"And mine, if it is at all necessary," observed Mrs. Campbell.

"But who is to marry them?" said Emma; "they have no chaplain at the fort; he went away ill last year."

"Why, Miss, they don't want no chaplain; she is an Indian girl, and he will marry her Indian-fashion.

"But what fashion is that, Malachi?" said Mary.

"Why, Miss, he'll come to the lodge, and fetch her away to his own house."

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Alfred burst out into laughter; "that's making short work of it," said he.

"Yes, rather too short for my approval," said Mrs. Campbell. "Malachi, it's very true that the Strawberry is an Indian girl, but we are not Indians, and Martin is not an Indian, neither are you who stand as her father; indeed, I cannot consent to give my sanction to such a marriage."

"Well, Ma'am, as you please, but it appears to me to be all right. If you go into a country and wish to marry a girl of that country, you marry her according to the rules of that country. Now, Martin seeks an Indian squaw, and why not therefore marry her after Indian fashion?"

"You may be right, Malachi, in your argument," said Mrs. Campbell; "but still you must make allowances for our prejudices. We never should think that she was a married woman, if no further ceremony was to take place than what you propose."

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"Well, Ma'am, just as you please; but still, suppose you marry them after your fashion, the girl won't understand a word that is said, so what good will it do?"

"None to her at present, Malachi; but recollect, if she is not a Christian at present, she may be hereafter; I have often thought upon that subject, and although I feel it useless to speak to her just now, yet as soon as she understands English well enough to know what I say to her, I hope to persuade her to become one. Now, if she should become a Christian, as I hope in God she will, she then will perceive that she has not been properly married, and will be anxious to have the ceremony properly performed over again; so why not do it now?"

"Well, Ma'am, if it pleases you, I have no objection; I'm sure Martin will have none."

"It will please me very much, Malachi," replied Mrs. Campbell.

"And although there is no chaplain at the

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fort," observed Mr. Campbell, "yet the Colonel can marry in his absence; a marriage by a commanding officer is quite legal."

"Yes," replied Alfred, "and so is one by a Captain of a man-of-war."

"So be it then," replied Malachi; "the sooner the better, for the soldiers are very troublesome, and I cannot keep them out of my lodge."

Martin, who had remained outside the door, and overheard all that passed, now came in; the subject was again canvassed, and Martin returned his thanks for the permission given to him.

"Well," said Emma, "I little thought we should have a wedding in the family so soon; this is quite an event. Martin, I wish you joy; you will have a very pretty and a very good wife."

"I think so too, Miss," replied Martin.

"Where is she?" said Mary.

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"She is in the garden, Miss," said Malachi, "getting out of the way of the soldiers; now that the work is done, they torment her not a little, and she is glad to escape from them; I'd tell them to go away, but they don't mind me; they know I must not use my rifle."

"I should hope not," replied Mrs. Campbell; "it would be hard to shoot a good man merely because he wished to marry your daughter."

"Why, yes, Ma'am, it would," replied Malachi; "so the sooner she is given to Martin, the sooner we shall have peace."

As the boat was continually going backwards and forwards between the fort and the farm, Mr. Campbell wrote to the Colonel, stating what they wished him to do, and the Colonel appointed that day week, on which he would come and perform the ceremony. It was a little fête at the farm. Mrs. Campbell and the Miss Percivals dressed themselves more than usually smart, so did all the males of the

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establishment; and a better dinner than usual was prepared, as the Colonel and some of the officers were to dine and spend the day with them. Martin was very gaily attired, and in high spirits. The Strawberry had on a new robe of young deer skin, and had a flower or two in her long black hair; she looked as she was, very pretty and very modest, but not at all embarrassed. The marriage ceremony was explained to her by Malachi, and she cheerfully consented. Before noon the marriage took place, and an hour or two afterwards, they sat down to a well-furnished table, and the whole party were very merry, particularly as the Colonel, who was most unusually gay, insisted upon the Strawberry sitting at the table, which she had never done before. She acquitted herself, however, without embarrassment, and smiled when they laughed, although she could understand but little of what they said. Mr. Campbell opened two of his bottles of wine, to



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celebrate the day, and they had a very happy party; the only people who were discontented were three or four of the soldiers outside, who had wanted to marry the Strawberry themselves; but the knowledge that their Colonel was there, effectually put a stop to any thing like annoyance or disturbance on their parts. At sunset, the Colonel and officers departed for the fort, the family remained in the house till past ten o'clock, by which time all the soldiers had gone to bed. Mr. Campbell then read prayers, and offered up an additional one for the happiness of the newly-married couple, after which they all saluted the Strawberry and wished her good night; she was then led to the lodge by Martin, accompanied by Alfred, Henry, Malachi, Percival, and John, who all went home with them as a guard from any interruption on the part of the disappointed suitors.

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## CHAPTER VI.

"How cheerful and gay every thing looks now," observed Emma to Mary, a few mornings after the celebration of the marriage. "One could hardly credit that in a few months all this animated landscape will be nothing but one dreary white mass of snow and ice, with no sounds meeting the ear but the howling of the storm and the howling of the wolves."

"Two very agreeable additions certainly," replied Mary; "but what you observe was actually occurring to my own mind at the very moment."



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The scene was indeed cheerful and lively. The prairie on one side of the stream waved its high grass to the summer breeze; on the other, the cows, horses, and sheep were grazing in every direction. The lake in the distance was calm and unruffled; the birds were singing and chirping merrily in the woods; near the house the bright green of the herbage was studded with the soldiers, dressed in white, employed in various ways; the corn waved its yellow ears between the dark stumps of the trees in the cleared land; and the smoke from the chimney of the house mounted straight up in a column to the sky; the grunting of the pigs, and the cackling of the fowls, and the occasional bleating of the calves, responded to by the lowing of the cows, gave life and animation to the picture. At a short distance from the shore the punt was floating on the still waters. John and Malachi were very busy fishing; the dogs were lying down by

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the palisades, all except Oscar, who, as usual, attended upon his young mistresses; and under the shade of a large tree, at a little distance from the house, were Mr. Campbell and Percival, the former reading while the other was conning over his lesson.

"This looks but little like a wilderness now, Mary, does it?" said Emma.

"No, my dear sister. It is very different from what it was when we first came; but still I should like to have some neighbours."

"So should I; any society is better than none at all."

"There I do not agree with you; at the same time, I think we could find pleasure in having about us even those who are not cultivated, provided they were respectable and good."

"That's what I would have said, Mary; but we must go in, and practise the new air for the guitar which Henry brought us from

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Montreal. We promised him that we would. Here comes Alfred to spend his idleness upon us."

"His idleness, Emma; surely, you don't mean that; he's seldom, if ever, unemployed."

"Some people are very busy about nothing," replied Emma.

"Yes; and some people say what they do not mean, sister," replied Mary.

"Well, Alfred, here is Emma pronouncing you to be an idle body."

"I am not likely to be that, at all events," replied Alfred, taking off his hat and fanning himself. "My father proposes to give me enough to do. What do you think he said to me this morning before breakfast?"

"I suppose he said that you might as well go to sea again as remain here," replied Emma, laughing.

"No, indeed; I wish he had; but he has proposed that your prophecy should be ful-

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filled, my malicious little cousin. He has proposed my turning miller."

Emma clapped her hands and laughed.

"How do you mean?" said Mary.

"Why, he pointed out to me that the mill would cost about two hundred and fifty pounds, and that he thought as my half-pay was unemployed, that it would be advisable that I should expend it in erecting the mill, offering me the sum necessary for the purpose. He would advance the money, and I might repay him as I received my pay. That, he said, would be a provision for me, and eventually an independence."

"I told you that you would be a miller," replied Emma, laughing. "Poor Alfred!"

"Well, what did you reply, Alfred?" said Mary.

"I said yes, I believe, because I did not like to say no."

"You did perfectly right, Alfred," replied

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Mary. "There can be no harm in your having the property, and had you refused it, it would have given pain to your father. If your money is laid out on the mill, my uncle will have more to expend upon the farm; but still it does not follow that you are to become a miller all your life."

"I should hope not," replied Alfred; "as soon as Emma meets with that long black gentleman we were talking of, I'll make it over to her as a marriage portion."

"Thank you, cousin," replied Emma, "I may put you in mind of your promise; but now Mary and I must go in and astonish the soldiers with our music; so good-by, Mr. Campbell, the miller."

The soldiers had now been at work for more than two months, a large portion of the wood had been felled and cleared away. With what had been cleared by Alfred, and Martin, and Henry the year before, they had now more

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than forty acres of corn-land. The rails for the snake-fence had also been split, and the fence was almost complete round the whole of the prairie and cleared land, when it was time for the grass to be cut down and the hay made and gathered up. This had scarcely been finished when the corn was ready for the sickle and gathered in, a barn had been raised close to the sheepfold as well as the lodge for Malachi, Martin, and his wife. For six weeks all was bustle and hard work, but the weather was fine, and every thing was got in safe. The services of the soldiers were now no longer required, and Mr. Campbell having settled his accounts, they returned to the fort.

"Who would think," said Henry to Alfred, as he cast his eyes over the buildings, the stacks of corn and hay, and the prairie stocked with cattle, "that we had only been here so short a time?"

"Many hands make light work," replied

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Alfred; "we have done with the help from the fort what it would have taken us six years to do with our own resources. My father's money has been well laid out, and will bring in a good return."

"You have heard of the proposal of Colonel Foster, about the cattle at the fort?"

"No; what is it?"

"He wrote to my father yesterday, saying, as he had only the means of feeding the cows necessary for the officers of the garrison, that he would sell all the oxen at present at the fort at a very moderate price."

"But even if we have fodder enough for them during the winter, what are we to do with them?"

"Sell them again to the fort for the supply of the troops," replied Henry, "and thereby gain good profit. The commandant says that it will be cheaper to government in the end than being compelled to feed them."

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"That it will, I have no doubt, now that they have nothing to give them; they trusted chiefly to our prairie for hay; and if they had not had such a quantity in store, they could not have fed them last winter."

"My father will consent, I know; indeed, he would be very foolish not to do so, for most of them will be killed when the winter sets in, and will only cost us the grazing."

"We are fortunate in finding such friends as we have done," replied Alfred. "All this assistance would not have been given to perhaps any other settlers."

"No, certainly not; but you see, Alfred, we are indebted to your influence with Captain Lumley for all these advantages, at least my father and mother say so, and I agree with them. Captain Lumley's influence with the Governor has created all this interest about us."

"I think we must allow that the peculiar position of the family has done much towards

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it. It is not often that they meet with settlers of refined habits and cultivated minds, and there naturally must be a feeling towards a family of such a description in all generous minds."

"Very true, Alfred," replied Henry; but there is our mother waiting for us to go in to dinner."

"Yes; and the Strawberry by her side. What a nice little creature she is!"

"Yes; and how quickly she is becoming useful. She has almost given up her Indian customs and is settling down quietly into English habits. Martin appears very fond of her."

"And so he ought to be," replied Henry; "a wife with a smile always upon her lips is a treasure. Come, let us go in."

Another fortnight passed away when an incident occurred which created some uneasiness. Mr. Campbell was busy with Martin

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and Alfred clearing out the storeroom and arranging the stores. Many of the cases and packages had been opened to be examined and aired, and they were busily employed, when, turning round, Mr. Campbell, to his great surprise, beheld an Indian by his side, who was earnestly contemplating the various packages of blankets, &c., and cases of powder, shot, and other articles, which were opened around him.

"Why, who is this?" exclaimed Mr. Campbell, starting.

Martin and Alfred, who had their backs to him at the time of Mr. Campbell's exclamation, turned round and beheld the Indian. He was an elderly man, very tall and muscular, dressed in leggings and deer-skin coat, a war eagle's feather, fixed by a fillet, on his head, and a profusion of copper and brass medals and trinkets round his neck. His face was not painted, with the exception of two black

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circles round his eyes. His head was shaved, and one long scalp-lock hung behind. He had a tomahawk and a knife in his belt and a rifle upon his arm. Martin advanced to the Indian and looked earnestly at him.

"I know his tribe," said Martin; "but not his name; but he is a chief and a warrior."

Martin then spoke to him in the Indian tongue. The Indian merely gave an "ugh" in reply.

"He does not choose to give his name," observed Martin; "and, therefore, he is here for no good. Mr. Alfred, just fetch Malachi; he will know him, I dare say."

Alfred went to the house for Malachi; in the meantime the Indian remained motionless, with his eyes fixed upon different articles exposed to view.

"It's strange," observed Martin, "how he could have come here; but to be sure neither Malachi nor I have been out lately."

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Just as he finished his remark, Alfred returned with Malachi. Malachi looked at the Indian and spoke to him.

The Indian now replied in the Indian language.

"I knew him, Sir," said Malachi, "the moment I saw his back. He's after no good, and it's a thousand pities that he has come just now and seen all this," continued Malachi; "it's a strong temptation."

"Why, who is he?" said Mr. Campbell.

"The Angry Snake, Sir," replied Malachi. "I had no idea that he would be in these parts before the meeting of the Indian council, which takes place in another month, and then I meant to have been on the look-out for him."

"But what have we to fear from him?"

"Well; that's to be proved; but this I can say, that he has his eyes upon what appears

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to him of more value than all the gold in the universe; and he's any thing but honest."

"But we have nothing to fear from one man," observed Alfred.

"His party an't far off, Sir," said Malachi. "He has some followers, although not many, and those who follow him are as bad as himself. We must be on the watch."

Malachi now addressed the Indian for some time; the only reply was an "ugh."

"I have told him that all the powder and ball that he sees are for our rifles, which are more than are possessed by his whole tribe. Not that it does much good, but at all events it's just as well to let them know that we shall be well prepared. The crittur's quite amazed at so much ammunition; that's a fact. It's a pity he ever saw it."

"Shall we give him some?" said Mr. Campbell.

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"No, no, Sir; he would only make use of it to try to get the rest; however, I believe that he is the only one of his party who has a rifle. The best thing is to close the doors, and then he will go."

They did as Malachi requested, and the Indian, after waiting a short time, turned round on his heel, and walked away.

"He is a regular devil, that Angry Snake," observed Malachi, as he watched him departing; "but never mind, I'll be a match for him. I wish he'd never seen all that ammunition, nevertheless."

"At all events, we had better not say a word in the house about his making his appearance," said Mr. Campbell. "It will only alarm the women, and do no good."

"That's true, Sir. I'll only tell the Strawberry," said Martin; "she's an Indian, and it will put her on the look-out."

"That will be as well, but caution her not



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to mention it to Mrs. Campbell or the girls, Martin."

"Never fear, Sir," replied Malachi; "I'll watch his motions nevertheless; to-morrow I'll be in the woods and on his trail. I'm glad that he saw me here, for he fears me; I know that."

It so happened that the Indian was not seen by Mrs. Campbell or any of them in the house, either upon his arrival or departure; and when Mr. Campbell and the others returned to the house, they found that no one there had any idea of such a visit having been paid. The secret was kept, but it occasioned a great deal of anxiety for some days. At last the alarm of Mr. Campbell gradually subsided. Malachi had gone out with John, and had discovered that all the Indians had come down near to them, to meet in council, and that there were many other parties of them in the woods. But although the visit of the Angry Snake

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might have been partly accidental, still Malachi was convinced that there was every prospect of his paying them another visit, if he could obtain a sufficient number to join him, so that he might obtain by force the articles he had seen and so much coveted.



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## CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Campbell acceded to the offer made by the Commandant of the fort, and purchased of him at a moderate price eighteen oxen, which were all that remained of the stock at the fort, except the cows. He also took six weaning calves to bring up. The cattle were now turned into the bush to feed, that they might obtain some after-grass from that portion of the prairie on which they had been feeding. The summer passed quickly away, for they all had plenty of employment. They fished every day in the lake, and salted down what they did not eat, for winter provision. Martin now

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was a great part of his time in the woods, looking after the cattle, and Malachi occasionally accompanied him, but was oftener out hunting with John, and always returned with game. They brought in a good many bear skins, and sometimes the flesh, which, although approved of by Malachi and Martin, was not much admired by the rest. As soon as the after-grass had been gathered in, there was not so much to do. Henry and Mr. Campbell, with Percival, were quite sufficient to look after the stock, and as the leaves began to change, the cattle were driven in from the woods, and pastured on the prairie. Every thing went on in order; one day was the counterpart of another. Alfred and Henry thrashed out the corn, in the shed, or rather open barn, which had been put up by the soldiers in the sheep-fold, and piled up the straw for winter fodder for the cattle. The oats and wheat were taken into the store-house. Martin's wife could now understand

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English, and spoke it a little. She was very useful, assisting Mrs. Campbell and her nieces in the house, and attending the stock. They had brought up a large number of chickens, and had disposed of a great many to the Colonel and officers of the fort. Their pigs also had multiplied exceedingly, and many had been put up to fatten, ready to be killed and salted down. The time for that occupation was now come, and they were very busy curing their meat; they had also put up a small shed for smoking their bacon and hams. Already they were surrounded with comfort and plenty, and felt grateful to Heaven that they had been so favoured.

The autumn had now advanced, and their routine of daily duty was seldom interrupted; now and then a visit was paid them from the fort by one or other of the officers or the Commandant. The Indians had held their council, but the English agent was present, and the sup-

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ply of blankets and other articles sent to the chiefs for distribution had the expected effect of removing all animosity. It is true that the Angry Snake and one or two more made very violent speeches, but they were overruled. The calumet of peace had been presented and smoked, and all danger appeared to be over from that quarter. Malachi had gone to the council, and was well received. He had been permitted to speak also as an English agent, and his words were not without effect. Thus every thing wore the appearance of peace and prosperity, when an event occurred which we shall now relate.

What is termed the Indian summer had commenced, during which there is a kind of haze in the atmosphere. One morning a little before dawn, Mary and Emma, who happened to be up first, went out to milk the cows, when they observed that the haze was much thicker than usual. They had been expecting the

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equinoctial gales, which were very late this year, and Mary observed that she foresaw they were coming on, as the sky wore every appearance of wind; yet still there was but a light air, and hardly perceptible at the time. In a moment after they had gone out, and were taking up their pails, Strawberry came to them from her own lodge, and they pointed to the gloom and haze in the air. She turned round, as if to catch the wind, and snuffed for a little while; at last she said, "Great fire in the woods." Alfred and the others soon joined them, and having been rallied by Emma at their being so late, they also observed the unusual appearance of the sky. Martin corroborated the assertion of the Strawberry, that there was fire in the woods. Malachi and John had not returned that night from a hunting expedition, but shortly after daylight they made their appearance; they had seen the fire in the distance, and said that it was to northward and

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eastward, and extended many miles; that they had been induced to leave the chase and come home in consequence. During the remainder of the day, there was little or no wind, but the gloom and smell of fire increased rapidly. At night the breeze sprang up, and soon increased to a gale from the north-east, the direction in which the fire had been seen. Malachi and Martin were up several times in the night, for they knew that if the wind continued in that quarter, without any rain, there would be danger; still the fire was at a great distance, but in the morning the wind blew almost a hurricane, and before twelve o'clock on the next day, the smoke was borne down upon them, and carried away in masses over the lake.

"Do you think there is any danger, Martin, from this fire?" said Alfred.

"Why, Sir, that depends upon circumstances; if the wind were to blow from the quarter which it now does, as hard as it does,

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for another twenty-four hours, we shall have the fire right down upon us."

"But still we have so much clear land between the forest and us, that I should think the house would be safe."

"I don't know that, Sir. You have never seen the woods a-fire for miles as I have; if you had, you would know what it was. We have two chances; one is that we may have torrents of rain come down with the gale, and the other is, that the wind may shift a point or two, which would be the best chance for us of the two."

But the wind did not shift, and the rain did not descend, and before the evening set in, the fire was within two miles of them, and distant roaring rent the air; the heat and smoke became more oppressive, and the party were under great alarm.

As the sun set, the wind became even more violent, and now the flames were distinctly to

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be seen, and the whole air was filled with myriads of sparks. The fire bore down upon them with resistless fury, and soon the atmosphere was so oppressive, that they could scarcely breathe; the cattle galloped down to the lake, their tails in the air, and lowing with fear. There they remained, knee-deep in the water, and huddled together.

"Well, Malachi," said Mr. Campbell, "this is very awful. What shall we do?"

"Trust in God, Sir; we can do nothing else," replied Malachi.

The flames were now but a short distance from the edge of the forest; they threw themselves up into the air in high columns; then, borne down by the wind, burst through the boughs of the forest, scorching here and there on the way the trunks of the large trees; while such a torrent of sparks and ignited cinders was poured down upon the prairie, that, added to the suffocating masses of

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smoke, it was impossible to remain there any longer.

"You must all go down to the punt, and get on board," said Malachi. "There is not a moment for delay; you will be smothered if you remain here. Mr. Alfred, do you and Martin pull out as far into the lake as is necessary for you to be clear of the smoke and able to breathe. Quick, there is no time to be lost, for the gale is rising faster than before."

There was, indeed, no time to be lost. Mr. Campbell took his wife by the arm; Henry led the girls, for the smoke was so thick that they could not see the way. Percival and Strawberry followed. Alfred and Martin had already gone down to get the boat ready. In a few minutes they were in the boat, and pushed off from the shore. The boat was crowded, but being flat-bottomed she bore the load well. They pulled out about half a mile into the lake, before they found themselves in

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a less oppressive atmosphere. Not a word was spoken until Martin and Alfred had stopped rowing.

"And old Malachi and John, where are they?" said Mrs. Campbell, who, now that they were clear of the smoke, discovered that these were not in the boat.

"Oh, never fear them, Ma'am," replied Martin; "Malachi stayed behind to see if he could be of use. He knows how to take care of himself, and of John too."

"This is an awful visitation," said Mrs. Campbell, after a pause. "Look, the whole wood is now on fire, close down to the clearing. The house must be burnt, and we shall save nothing."

"It is the will of God, my dear wife; and if we are to be deprived of what little wealth we have, we must not murmur, but submit with resignation. Let us thank Heaven that our lives are preserved."

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Another pause ensued; at last the silence was broken by Emma.

"There is the cow-house on fire—I see the flames bursting from the roof."

Mrs. Campbell, whose hand was on that of her husband, squeezed it in silence. It was the commencement of the destruction of their whole property—all their labours and efforts had been thrown away. The winter was coming on, and they would be houseless—what would become of them!

All this passed in her mind, but she did not speak.

At this moment the flames of the fire rose up straight to the sky. Martin perceived it, and jumped up on his feet.

"There is a lull in the wind," said Alfred.

"Yes," replied Martin, and continued holding up his hand, "I felt a drop of rain. Yes, it's coming; another quarter of an hour and we may be safe."

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Martin was correct in his observation; the wind had lulled for a moment, and he had felt the drops of rain. This pause continued for about three or four minutes, during which the cow-house burnt furiously, but the ashes and sparks were no longer hurled down on the prairie; then suddenly the wind shifted to the south-east, with such torrents of rain as almost to blind them. So violent was the gust, that even the punt careened to it; but Alfred pulled its head round smartly, and put it before the wind. The gale was now equally strong from the quarter to which it had changed; the lake became agitated and covered with white foam, and before the punt reached the shore again, which it did in a few minutes, the water washed over its two sides, and they were in danger of swamping. Alfred directed them all to sit still, and raising the blades of the oars up into the air, the punt was dashed

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furiously through the waves, till it grounded on the beach.

Martin and Alfred jumped out into the water and hauled the punt further before they disembarked; the rain still poured down in torrents, and they were wet to the skin; as they landed, they were met by Malachi and John.

"It's all over, and all is safe!" exclaimed Malachi. "It was touch and go, that's sartain; but all's safe, except the cow-house, and that's easily put to rights again. You all had better go home as fast as you can, and get to bed."

"Is all quite safe, do you think, Malachi?" said Mr. Campbell.

"Yes, Sir, no fear now; the fire hasn't passed the stream, and even if it had, this rain would put it out, for we only have the beginning of it; but it was a near thing, that's sartain."

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The party walked back to the house, and as soon as they had entered, Mr. Campbell kneeled down and thanked Heaven for their miraculous preservation. All joined heartily in the prayer, and, after they had waited up a few minutes, by which time they were satisfied that the flames were fast extinguishing and they had nothing more to fear, they took off their wet clothes, and retired to bed.

The next morning they rose early, for all were anxious to ascertain the mischief which had been occasioned by the fire. The cow-house, on the opposite side of the stream, was the only part of the premises which had severely suffered; the walls were standing, but the roof was burnt. On the side of the stream where the house stood, the rails and many portions of the buildings were actually charred, and, had it not been for the providential change of the wind and the falling of the rain, must in a few minutes have been destroyed. The



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prairie was covered with cinders and the grass was burnt and withered. The forest on the other side of the stream to a great extent was burnt down; some of the largest trees still remained, throwing out their blackened arms, now leafless and branchless, to the sky, but they were never to throw forth a branch or leaf again. It was a melancholy and desolate picture, and rendered still more so by the heavy rain which still continued to pour down without intermission.

As they were surveying the scene, Malachi and Martin came to them.

"The stock are all right, Sir," said Martin; "I counted them, and there is not one missing. There's no harm done except to the cow-house; on the contrary, the fire has proved a good friend to us."

"How so, Martin?" asked Mr. Campbell.

"Because it has cleared many acres of ground, and saved us much labour. All on

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the other side of the stream is now cleared away, and next spring we will have our corn between the stumps; and in autumn, after we have gathered in the harvest, we will cut down and burn the trees which are now standing. It has done a deal of good to the prairie also, we shall have fine herbage there next spring."

"We have to thank Heaven for its mercy," said Mr. Campbell; "at one time yesterday evening, I thought we were about to be rendered destitute indeed, but it has pleased God that it should be otherwise."

"Yes, Sir," observed Malachi; "what threatened your ruin has turned out to your advantage. Next year you will see every thing green and fresh as before; and, as Martin says, you have to thank the fire for clearing away more land for you than a whole regiment of soldiers could have done in two or three years."



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"But we must work hard and get in the corn next spring, for otherwise the brushwood will grow up so fast, as to become a forest again in a few years."

"I never thought of inquiring," said Mary, "how it was that the forest could have taken fire."

"Why, Miss," replied Malachi, "in the autumn, when every thing is as dry as tinder, nothing is more easy. The Indians light their fire, and do not take the trouble to put it out, and that is generally the cause of it; but then it requires wind to help it."

The danger that they had escaped made a serious impression on the whole party, and the following day, being Sunday, Mr. Campbell did not forget to offer up a prayer of thankfulness for their preservation.

The roof of the cow-house was soon repaired by Alfred and Martin, and the Indian summer passed away without any further adventure.

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The day after the fire, a despatch arrived from the fort to ascertain their welfare, and the Colonel and officers were greatly rejoiced to learn that comparatively so little damage had been done, for they expected to find that the family had been burnt out, and had made arrangements at the fort to receive them.

Gradually the weather became cold and the fires were lighted, and a month after the evil we have described, the winter again set in.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Once more was the ground covered with snow to the depth of three feet. The cattle were littered down inside the inclosure of palisades round the cow-house; the sheep were driven into the inclosed sheep-fold, and the horses were put into a portion of the barn in the sheep-fold which had been parted off for them. All was made secure and every preparation made for the long winter. Although there had been a fall of snow, the severe frost had not yet come on. It did, however, in about a fortnight afterwards, and then, according to the wishes of the Colonel, six oxen were killed for the use of the fort and taken there

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by the horses on a sledge; this was the last task that they had to fulfil, and then Alfred bade adieu to the officers of the fort, as they did not expect to meet again till the winter was over. Having experienced one winter, they were more fully prepared for the second; and as Malachi, the Strawberry, and John, were now regular inmates of the house, for they did not keep a separate table, there was a greater feeling of security, and the monotony and dreariness were not so great as in the preceding winter: moreover, every thing was now in its place, and they had more to attend to,—two circumstances which greatly contributed to relieve the *ennui* arising from continual confinement. The hunting parties went out as usual; only Henry, and occasionally Alfred, remained at home to attend to the stock, and to perform other offices which the increase of their establishment required. The new books brought by Henry from Montreal, and which by

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common consent had been laid aside for the winter's evenings, were now a great source of amusement, as Mr. Campbell read aloud a portion of them every evening. Time passed away quickly, as it always does when there is a regular routine of duties and employment, and Christmas came before they were aware of its approach.

It was a great comfort to Mrs. Campbell that she now always had John at home, except when he was out hunting, and on that score she had long dismissed all anxiety, as she had full confidence in Malachi; but latterly Malachi and John seldom went out alone; indeed, the old man appeared to like being in company, and his misanthropy had wholly disappeared. He now invariably spent his evenings with the family assembled round the kitchen fire, and had become much more fond of hearing his own voice. John did not so much admire these evening parties. He cared

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nothing for new books, or indeed any books. He would amuse himself making mocassins, or working porcupine quills with the Strawberry at one corner of the fire, and the others might talk or read, it was all the same, John never said a word or appeared to pay the least attention to what was said. His father occasionally tried to make him learn something, but it was useless. He would remain for hours with his book before him, but his mind was elsewhere. Mr. Campbell, therefore, gave up the attempt for the present, indulging the hope that when John was older, he would be more aware of the advantages of education, and would become more attentive. At present, it was only inflicting pain on the boy without any advantage being gained. But John did not always sit by the kitchen fire. The wolves were much more numerous than in the preceding winter, having been attracted by the sheep which were within the palisade, and every night the howling was

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incessant. The howl of a wolf was sufficient to make John seize his rifle and leave the house, and he would remain in the snow for hours till one came sufficiently near for him to fire, and he had already killed several when a circumstance occurred which was the cause of great uneasiness.

John was out one evening as usual, crouched down within the palisades and watching for the wolves. It was a bright starry night, but there was no moon, when he perceived one of the animals crawling along almost on its belly, close to the door of the palisade which surrounded the house. This surprised him, as, generally speaking, the animals prowled round the palisade which encircled the sheep-fold, or else close to the pig-sties which were at the opposite side from the entrance door. John levelled his rifle and fired, when, to his astonishment, the wolf appeared to spring up in the air on his hind legs, then fall down and roll away.

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The key of the palisade door was always kept within, and John determined to go in and fetch it, that he might ascertain whether he had killed the animal or not. When he entered, Malachi said, "Did you kill, my boy?"

"Don't know," replied John; "come for the key to see."

"I don't like the gate being opened at night, John," said Mr. Campbell; "why don't you leave it as you usually do till to-morrow morning; that will be time enough?"

"I don't know if it was a wolf," replied John.

"What then, boy, tell me?" said Malachi.

"Well, I think it was an Indian," replied John; who then explained what had passed.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," replied Malachi; "at all events the gate must not be opened to-night, for if it was an Indian you fired at, there is more than one of them; we'll keep all fast, John, and see what it was to-morrow."

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Mrs. Campbell and the girls were much alarmed at this event, and it was with difficulty that they were persuaded to retire to rest.

"We will keep watch to-night at all events," said Malachi, "as soon as Mrs. Campbell and her nieces had left the room. The boy is right, I have no doubt. It is the Angry Snake and his party who are prowling about, but if the boy has hit the Indian, which I have no doubt of, they will make off; however, it will be just as well to be on our guard, nevertheless. Martin can watch here, and I will watch in the fold."

We have before observed that the lodge of Malachi, Martin, and his wife, was built within the palisade of the sheep-fold, and that there was a passage from the palisade round the house to that which surrounded the sheep-fold, which passage had also a palisade on each side of it.

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"I will watch here," said Alfred; "let Martin go home with you and his wife."

"I will watch with you," said John.

"Well, perhaps that will be better," said Malachi; "two rifles are better than one, and if any assistance is required, there will be one to send for it."

"But what do you think they would do, Malachi?" said Mr. Campbell; "they cannot climb the palisades."

"Not well, Sir, nor do I think they would attempt it unless they had a large force, which I am sure they have not; no, Sir, they would rather endavour to set fire to the house if they could, but that's not so easy; one thing is certain, that the Snake will try all he can to get possession of what he saw in your store-house."

"That I do not doubt," said Alfred; "but he will not find it quite so easy a matter."

"They've been reconnoitering, Sir, that's the

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truth of it, and if John has helped one of them to a bit of lead, it will do good; for it will prove to them that we are on the alert, and make them careful how they come near the house again."

After a few minutes' more conversation, Mr. Campbell, Henry, and Percival retired, leaving the others to watch. Alfred walked home with Malachi and his party to see if all was right at the sheep-fold, and then returned.

The night passed without any further disturbance except the howling of the wolves, to which they were accustomed.

The next morning at daybreak, Malachi and Martin came to the house, and with John and Alfred, they opened the palisade gate, and went out to survey the spot where John had fired.

"Yes, Sir," said Malachi; "it was an Indian, no doubt of it; here are the dents made in the snow by his knees as he crawled along, and

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John has hit him, for here is the blood. Let's follow the trail. See, Sir, he has been hard hit; there is more blood this way as we go on. Ha!" continued Malachi, as he passed by a mound of snow; "here's the wolf-skin he was covered up with; then he is dead or thereabouts, and they have carried him off, for he never would have parted with his skin, if he had had his senses about him."

"Yes," observed Martin, "his wound was mortal, that's certain."

They pursued the track till they arrived at the forest, and then, satisfied by the marks on the snow that the wounded man had been carried away, they returned to the house, when they found the rest of the family dressed and in the kitchen. Alfred shewed them the skin of the wolf, and informed them of what they had discovered.

"I am grieved that blood has been shed," observed Mrs. Campbell; "I wish it had not

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happened. I have heard that the Indians never forgive on such occasions."

"Why, Ma'am, they are very revengeful, that's certain, but still they won't like to risk too much. This has been a lesson to them. I only wish it had been the Angry Snake himself who was settled, as then we should have no more trouble or anxiety about them."

"Perhaps it may be," said Alfred.

"No, Sir, that's not likely; it's one of his young men; I know the Indian customs well."

It was some time before the alarm occasioned by this event subsided in the mind of Mrs. Campbell and her nieces; Mr. Campbell also thought much about it, and betrayed occasional anxiety. The parties went out hunting as before, but those at home now felt anxious till they returned from the chase. Time, however, and not hearing any thing more of the Indians, gradually revived their courage, and before the winter was half over they thought

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little about it. Indeed, it had been ascertained by Malachi from another band of Indians which he fell in with near a small lake where they were trapping beaver, that the Angry Snake was not in that part of the country, but had gone with his band to the westward at the commencement of the new year. This satisfied them that the enemy had left immediately after the attempt which he had made to reconnoitre the premises.

The hunting parties, therefore, as we said, continued as before; indeed, they were necessary for the supply of so many mouths. Percival, who had grown very much since his residence in Canada, was very anxious to be permitted to join them, which he never had been during the former winter. This was very natural. He saw his younger brother go out almost daily, and seldom return without having been successful; indeed, John was, next to Malachi, the best shot of the party. It was,



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therefore, very annoying to Percival that he should always be detained at home doing all the drudgery of the house, such as feeding the pigs, cleaning knives, and other menial work, while his younger brother was doing the duty of a man. To Percival's repeated entreaties, objections were constantly raised by his mother: they could not spare him, he was not accustomed to walk in snow-shoes. Mr. Campbell observed that Percival became dissatisfied and unhappy, and Alfred took his part and pleaded for him. Alfred observed very truly, that the Strawberry could occasionally do Percival's work, and that if it could be avoided, he should not be cooped up at home in the way that he was; and, Mr. Campbell agreeing with Alfred, Mrs. Campbell very reluctantly gave her consent to his occasionally going out.

"Why, aunt, have you such an objection to Percival going out with the hunters?" said

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Mary. "It must be very trying to him to be always detained at home."

"I feel the truth of what you say, my dear Mary," said Mrs. Campbell, "and I assure you it is not out of selfishness, or because we shall have more work to do, that I wish him to remain with us; but I have an instinctive dread that some accident will happen to him, which I cannot overcome, and there is no arguing with a mother's fears and a mother's love."

"You were quite as uneasy, my dear aunt, when John first went out; you were continually in alarm about him, but now you are perfectly at ease," replied Emma.

"Very true," said Mrs. Campbell; "it is, perhaps, a weakness on my part which I ought to get over; but we are all liable to such feelings. I trust in God there is no real cause for apprehension, and that my reluctance is a mere weakness and folly. But I see the



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poor boy has long pined at being kept at home; for nothing is more irksome to a high-couraged and spirited boy as he is. I have, therefore, given my consent, because I think it is my duty; still the feeling remains, so let us say no more about it, my dear girls, for the subject is painful to me."

"My dear aunt, did you not say that you would talk to Strawberry on the subject of religion, and try if you could not persuade her to become a Christian? She is very serious at prayers, I observe; and appears, now that she understands English, to be very attentive to what is said."

"Yes, my dear Emma, it is my intention so to do very soon, but I do not like to be in too great a hurry. A mere conforming to the usages of our religion would be of little avail, and I fear that too many of our good missionaries, in their anxiety to make converts, do not sufficiently consider this point. Reli-

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gion must proceed from conviction, and be seated in the heart; the heart, indeed, must be changed, not mere outward forms attended to."

"What is the religion of the Indians, my dear aunt?" said Mary.

"One which makes conversion the more difficult. It is in many respects so near what is right, that Indians do not easily perceive the necessity of change. They believe in one God, the fountain of all good; they believe in a future state and in future rewards and punishments. You perceive they have the same foundation as we have, although they know not Christ, and, having very incomplete notions of duty, have a very insufficient sense of their manifold transgressions and offences in God's sight, and consequently have no idea of the necessity of a mediator. Now, it is perhaps easier to convince those who are entirely wrong, such as worship idols and false gods, than those who approach so nearly to the truth. But

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I have had many hours of reflection upon the proper course to pursue, and I do intend to have some conversation with her on the subject in a very short time. I have delayed because I consider it absolutely necessary that she should be perfectly aware of what I say, before I try to alter her belief. Now, the Indian language, although quite sufficient for Indian wants, is poor and has not the same copiousness as ours, because they do not require the words to explain what we term abstract ideas. It is, therefore, impossible to explain the mysteries of our holy religion to one who does not well understand our language. I think, however, that the Strawberry now begins to comprehend sufficiently for me to make the first attempt. I say first attempt, because I have no idea of making a convert in a week, or a month, or even in six months. All I can do is to exert my best abilities, and then trust to God, who, in his own good

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time will enlighten her mind to receive his truth."

The next day the hunting party went out, and Percival, to his great delight, was permitted to accompany it. As they had a long way to go, for they had selected the hunting ground, they set off early in the morning, before daylight, Mr. Campbell having particularly requested that they would not return home late.

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## CHAPTER IX.

The party had proceeded many miles before they arrived at the spot where Malachi thought that they would fall in with some venison, which was the principal game that they sought. It was not till near ten o'clock in the morning that they stood on the ground which had been selected for the sport. It was an open part of the forest, and the snow lay in large drifts, but here and there on the hill sides the grass was nearly bare, and the deer were able, by scraping with their feet, to obtain some food. They were all pretty well close together when they arrived. Percival and Henry were about

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a quarter of a mile behind, for Percival was not used to the snow-shoes, and did not get on so well as the others. Malachi and the rest with him halted, that Henry and Percival might come up with them, and then, after they had recovered their breath a little, he said,

"Now, you see there's a fine lot of deer here, Master Percival, but as you know nothing about woodcraft, and may put us all out, observe what I say to you. The animals are not only cute of hearing and seeing, but they are more cute of smell, and they can scent a man a mile off if the wind blows down to them; so you see it would be useless to attempt to get near to them if we do not get to the lee side of them without noise and without being seen. Now, the wind has been from the eastward, and as we are to the southward, we must get round by the woods to the westward, before we go upon the open ground, and then, Master Percival, you must do as we do, and

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keep behind, to watch our motions. If we come to a swell in the land, you must not run up, or even walk up, as you might shew yourself; the deer might be on the other side, within twenty yards of you; but you must hide yourself, as you will see that we shall do, and when we have found them, I will put you in a place where you shall have your shot as well as we. Do you understand, Master Percival?"

"Yes, I do, and I shall stop behind, and do as you tell me."

"Well then, now, we will go back into the thick of the forest till we get to leeward, and then we shall see whether you will make a hunter or not."

The whole party did as Malachi directed, and for more than an hour they walked through the wood, among the thickest of the trees, that they might not be seen by the animals. At last they arrived at the spot which Malachi desired, and then they changed their

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course, eastward towards the more open ground, where they expected to find the deer.

As they entered upon the open ground, they moved forward crouched to the ground, Malachi and Martin in the advance. When in the hollows, they all collected together, but on ascending a swell of the land, it was either Malachi or Martin who first crept up, and, looking over the summit, gave notice to the others to come forward. This was continually repeated for three or four miles, when Martin having raised his head just above a swell, made a signal to them who were below that the deer were in sight. After a moment or two reconnoitering, he went down and informed them that there were twelve or thirteen head of deer scraping up the snow about one hundred yards a-head of them, upon another swell of the land; but that they appeared to be alarmed and anxious, as if they had an idea of danger being near.

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Malachi then again crawled up to make his observations, and returned.

"It is sartain," said he, "that they are flurried about something; they appear just as if they had been hunted, and yet that is not likely. We must wait and let them settle a little, and find out whether any other parties have been hunting them."

They waited about ten minutes, till the animals appeared more settled, and then, by altering their position behind the swell, gained about twenty-five yards of distance. Malachi told each party which animal to aim at, and they fired nearly simultaneously. Three of the beasts fell, two others were wounded, the rest of the herd bounded off like the wind. They all rose from behind the swell, and ran forward to their prey. Alfred had fired at a fine buck which stood apart from the rest, and somewhat farther off; it was evident that the animal was

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badly wounded, and Alfred had marked the thicket into which it had floundered; but the other deer which was wounded was evidently slightly hurt, and there was little chance of obtaining it, as it bounded away after the rest of the herd. They all ran up to where the animals lay dead, and as soon as they had reloaded their rifles, Alfred and Martin went on the track of the one that was badly wounded. They had forced their way through the thicket for some fifty yards, guided by the track of the animal, when they started back at the loud growl of some beast. Alfred, who was in advance, perceived that a puma (catamount, or painter, as it is usually termed), had taken possession of the deer, and was lying over the carcase. He levelled his rifle and fired; the beast, although badly wounded, immediately sprang at him and seized him by the shoulder. Alfred was sinking under the animal's weight

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and from the pain he was suffering, when Martin came to his rescue, and put his rifle ball through the head of the beast, which fell dead.

"Are you much hurt, Sir?" said Martin.

"No, not much," replied Alfred; "at least I think not, but my shoulder is badly torn, and I bleed freely."

Malachi and the others now came up, and perceived what had taken place. Alfred had sunk down and was sitting on the ground by the side of the dead animals.

"A painter!" exclaimed Malachi; "well, I didn't think we should see one so far west. Are you hurt, Mr. Alfred?"

"Yes, a little," replied Alfred, faintly.

Malachi and Martin, without saying another word, stripped off Alfred's hunting-coat, and then discovered that he had received a very bad wound in the shoulder from the teeth of the beast, and that his side was also torn by the animal's claws.

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"John, run for some water," said Malachi; "you are certain to find some in the hollow."

John and Percival both hastened in search of water, while Malachi, and Martin, and Henry tore Alfred's shirt into strips and bound up the wounds, so as to stop in a great measure the flow of blood. As soon as this was done and he had drunk the water brought to him in John's hat, Alfred felt revived.

"I will sit down for a little longer," said he, "and then we will get home as fast as we can. Martin, look after the game, and when you are ready I will get up. What a tremendous heavy brute that was; I could not have stood against him for a minute longer, and I had no hunting-knife."

"It's a terrible beast, Sir," replied Malachi. "I don't know that I ever saw one larger; they are more than a match for one man, Sir, and never should be attempted single-handed, for they are so hard to kill."

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"Where did my ball hit him?" said Alfred.

"Here, Sir, under the shoulder, and well placed too. It must have gone quite close to his heart; but unless you hit them through the brain or through the heart, they are certain to make their dying spring. That's an ugly wound on your shoulder, and will put a stop to your hunting for five or six weeks, I expect. However, it's well that it's no worse."

"I feel quite strong now," replied Alfred.

"Another ten minutes, Sir; let John and me whip off his skin, for we must have it to shew, if we have all the venison spoiled. Mr. Henry, tell Martin only to take the prime pieces and not to mind the hides, for we shall not be able to carry much. And tell him to be quick, Mr. Henry, for it will not do for Mr. Alfred to remain till his arm gets stiff. We have many miles to get home again."

In the course of ten minutes, Malachi and John had skinned the puma, and Martin

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made his appearance with the haunches of two of the deer, which he said was as much as they well could carry, and they all set off on their return home.

Alfred had not proceeded far when he found himself in great pain, the walking upon snow-shoes requiring so much motion as to open the wounds and make them bleed again; but Malachi gave him his assistance, and having procured him some more water, they continued their route.

After a time the wounds became more stiff, and Alfred appeared to be more oppressed by the pain; they proceeded, however, as fast they could, and at nightfall were not far from home. But Alfred moved with great difficulty; he had become very faint, so much so, that Martin requested John would throw down the venison, and hasten before them to the house to request Mr. Campbell to send some brandy or other cordial to support



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Alfred, who was scarcely able to move on from weakness and loss of blood. As they were not more than a mile from the house, John was soon there, and hastening in at the door, he gave his message in presence of Mrs. Campbell and his cousins, who were in a state of great distress at the intelligence. Mr. Campbell went to his room for the spirits, and as soon as he brought it out, Emma seized her bonnet, and said that she would accompany John.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell had no time to raise any objection if they were inclined, for Emma was out of the door in a moment, with John at her heels. But Emma quite forgot that she had no snow-shoes, and before she had gone half the distance, she found herself as much fatigued as if she had walked miles; and she sank deeper and deeper in the snow every minute that she advanced. At last they arrived, and found the party: Alfred was lying insensible on the snow, and the others making

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a litter of branches, that they might carry him to the house.

A little brandy poured down his throat brought Alfred to his senses; and as he opened his eyes, he perceived Emma hanging over him.

"Dear Emma, how kind of you," said he, attempting to rise.

"Do not move, Alfred; they will soon have the litter ready, and then you will be carried to the house. It is not far off."

"I am strong again now, Emma," replied Alfred. "But you must not remain here in the cold. See, the snow is falling again."

"I must remain now till they are ready to carry you, Alfred, for I dare not go back by myself."

By this time the litter was prepared, and Alfred placed on it. Malachi, Henry, Martin, and John took it up.

"Where is Percival?" said Emma.



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"He's behind a little way," replied John. "The snow-shoes hurt him, and he could not walk so fast. He will be here in a minute."

They carried Alfred to the house where Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and Mary were waiting at the door in great anxiety; poor Emma was quite knocked up by the time that they arrived, and went into her own room.

Alfred was laid on his bed, and his father then examined his wounds, which he considered very dangerous, from the great laceration of the flesh. Mr. Campbell dressed them, and then they left Alfred to the repose which he so much required. The state of Alfred so occupied their minds and their attention, that nothing and nobody else was thought of for the first hour. Emma too had been taken very ill soon after she came in, and required the attention of Mrs. Campbell and Mary. It was not until they were about to sit down to supper that Mr. Campbell said, "Why, where's Percival?"

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"Percival! Is he not here?" was the question anxiously uttered by all the party who had been hunting.

"Percival not here!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, starting up. "Where,—where is my child?"

"He was just behind us," said John; "he sat down to alter his snow-shoes: the ties hurt him."

Malachi and Martin ran out of doors in consternation; they knew the danger, for the snow was now falling in such heavy flakes, that it was impossible to see or direct their steps two yards in any direction.

"The boy will be lost for sartain," said Malachi to Martin; "if he has remained behind till this fall of snow, he never will find his way, but wander about till he perishes."

"Yes," said Martin, "he has but a poor chance, that is the truth; I would have given my right arm this had not happened."

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"Misfortune never comes single," replied Malachi; "what can we do? Madam Campbell will be beside herself, for she loves that boy beyond all measure."

"It's useless our going out," observed Martin; "we should never find him, and only lose ourselves; but still we had better go back, and say that we will try. At all events we can go to the edge of the forest, and halloo every minute or so; if the boy is still on his legs, it will guide him to us."

"Yes," replied Malachi, "and we may light a pine torch; it might be of some use. Well, then, let's go in, and tell them that we are going in search of the boy; as long as Madam knows that we are seeking him, she will not lose hope, and hope will keep up her spirits for the time, till she is better prepared for her loss."

There was much good sense and knowledge of the human heart in the observation of Ma-

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lachi, who, although he was aware that all search would be useless, could not resolve to destroy at once all hope in the mind of the afflicted and anxious mother.

They went in, and found Mrs. Campbell weeping bitterly, supported by her husband and Mary. They stated that they were going to search for the boy, and bring him home if they could, and, taking three or four pine torches, one of which they lighted, they set off for the edge of the forest, where they remained for two hours with the light, shouting at intervals; but the snow fell so fast, and the cold was so intense, for the wind blew fresh from the northward, that they could remain no longer. They did not, however, return to the house, but went to their own lodge to recover themselves, and remained there till daylight. They then went out again; the snow storm had ceased, and the morning was clear and bright; they went back into the forest (on the road by which they had come

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home) for three or four miles, but the snow now fallen had covered all the tracks which they had made the day before, and was in many places several feet deep. They proceeded to where Percival was last seen by John, who had described the spot very exactly; they looked everywhere about, made circuits round and round, in hopes of perceiving the muzzle of his rifle peeping out above the snow, but there was nothing to be discovered, and after a search of four or five hours, they returned to the house. They found Mr. Campbell and Henry in the kitchen, for Mrs. Campbell was in such a state of anxiety and distress, that she was in her room attended by Mary. Mr. Campbell perceived by their countenances that they brought no satisfactory tidings. Malachi shook his head mournfully, and sat down.

"Do you think that my poor boy is lost, Malachi?" said Mr. Campbell.

"He is, I fear, Sir; he must have sat down

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to rest himself, and has been overpowered and fallen asleep. He has been buried in the snow, and he will not wake till the day of resurrection."

Mr. Campbell covered his face with his hands, and after a time exclaimed, "His poor mother!"

After a few minutes, he rose and went into Mrs. Campbell's room.

"What of my child, my dear, dear, Percival?" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," replied Mr. Campbell; "your child is happy."

Mrs. Campbell wept bitterly; and having thus given vent to the feelings of nature, she became gradually more calm and resigned; her habitually devout spirit sought and found relief in the God of all comfort.

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## CHAPTER X.

Thus in one short day was the family of Mr. Campbell changed from a house of joy to one of mourning. And true was the remark of Malachi, that misfortunes seldom come single, for now they had another cause of anxiety. Emma, by her imprudent exposure to the intense chill of the night air and the wetting of her feet, was first taken with a violent cold, which was followed by a fever, which became more alarming every day. Thus, in addition to the loss of one of their children, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were threatened with being deprived of two more; for their nieces were regarded as such, and Alfred was in a very

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precarious state. The wounds had assumed such an angry appearance, that Mr. Campbell was fearful of mortification. This accumulated distress had, however, one good effect upon them. The danger of losing Emma and Alfred so occupied their minds and their attention, that they had not time to bewail the loss of Percival; and even Mrs. Campbell, in her prayers, was enabled to resign herself to the Almighty's will in taking away her child, if it would but please Him to spare the two others who were afflicted. Long and tedious were the hours, the days, and the weeks that passed away before either of them could be considered in a state of convalescence; but her prayers were heard, and as the winter closed, their recovery was no longer doubtful. A melancholy winter it had been to them all, but the joy of once more seeing Emma resume her duties, and Alfred, supported on cushions, able to be moved into the sitting-

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room, had a very exhilarating effect upon their spirits. True, there was no longer the mirth and merriment that once reigned, but there was a subdued gratitude to Heaven, which, if it did not make them at once cheerful, at least prevented any thing like repining or complaint. Grateful for the mercies vouchsafed to them in having Alfred and Emma spared to them, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell consoled themselves in reference to Percival, with the reflection, that at so early an age, before he had lived to be corrupted by the world, to die was gain,—and that their dear boy had become, through Divine grace, an inhabitant of the kingdom of Heaven. By degrees the family became again cheerful and happy; the merry laugh of Emma once more enlivened them, Alfred again recovered his former health and spirits, and Mrs. Campbell could bear the mention of the name of Percival, and join in the praises of the amiable child.

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The spring now came on, the snow gradually disappeared, that the ice was carried down the rapids, and once more left the blue lake clear; the cattle were turned out to feed off the grass the year before left on the prairie, and all the men were busy in preparing to put in the seed. As soon as the snow was gone, Malachi, Martin, and Alfred, without saying a word to Mrs. Campbell, had gone into the forest, and made every search for the body of poor Percival, but without success, and it was considered that he had wandered and died on some spot which they could not discover, or that the wolves had dug his remains out of the snow, and devoured them. Not a trace of him could anywhere be discovered; and the search was, after a few days, discontinued. The return of the spring had another good effect upon the spirits of the party; for, with the spring came on such a variety of work to be done, that they had not a moment to spare.

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They had now so many acres for corn, that they had scarcely time to get through all the preparatory work, and fortunate it was that Alfred was so much recovered that he could join in the labour. Malachi, John, and even Mr. Campbell, assisted, and at last the task was completed. Then they had a communication with the fort, and letters from Quebec, Montreal, and England: there were none of any importance from England, but one from Montreal informed Mr. Campbell that, agreeably to contract, the engineer would arrive in the course of the month, with the *bateaux* containing the machinery, and that the water-mill would be erected as soon as possible. There was also a letter from England, which gave them great pleasure; it was from Captain Sinclair to Alfred, informing him that he had arranged all his business with his guardian, and that he should rejoin his regiment and be at the fort early in the spring,

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as he should sail in the first vessel which left England. He stated how delighted he should be at his return, and told him to say to Emma that he had not found an English wife, as she had prophesied, but was coming back as heart-whole as he went. Very soon afterwards they had a visit from Colonel Foster and some of the officers of the garrison. The Colonel offered Mr. Campbell a party of soldiers to assist in raising the mill, and the offer was thankfully accepted.

"We were very much alarmed about you last autumn when the woods were on fire, Mr. Campbell," said the Colonel; "but I perceive that it has been of great advantage to you. You have now a large quantity of cleared land sown with seed, and if you had possessed sufficient means, might have had much more put in, as I perceive all the land to the north-west is cleared by the fire."

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"Yes," replied Mr. Campbell; "but my allotment, as you know, extends along the beach, and we have sown the seed as far from the beach as the property extends."

"Then I should recommend you to write to Quebec, and apply for another grant on each side of the stream; indeed, at the back of and equal to what you now have."

"But if I do, I have not the means of working the land."

"No, not with your present force, I grant; but there are many emigrants who would be glad of work, and who would settle here upon favourable conditions."

"The expense would be very great," said Mr. Campbell.

"It would; but the return would indemnify you. The troops at the fort would take all the flour off your hands if you had ever so much."

"I am not inclined at present to speculate much further," replied Mr. Campbell, "but

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I shall see how this year turns out, and if I find that I am successful, I will then decide."

"Of course, you will but act prudently. You can send down to your agent at Quebec, and ascertain what would be the probable terms of their men you might require. But there is another way, which is to give them the land to cultivate, and the seed, and to receive from them a certain portion of corn in return, as rent; that is very safe, and your land will be all gradually brought into cultivation, besides the advantage of having neighbours about you. You might send one of your sons down to Montreal, and arrange all that."

"I certainly will write to my agent and institute inquiries," replied Mr. Campbell, "and many thanks to you for the suggestion; I have still a few hundreds at the bank to dispose of, if necessary."

About three weeks after this conversation, the *bateaux* arrived with the engineer and ma-



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chinery for the flour and saw mills: and now the settlement again presented a lively scene, being thronged with the soldiers who were sent from the fort. The engineer was a very pleasant intelligent young Englishman, who had taken up his profession in Canada, and was considered one of the most able in the colony. The site of the mill was soon chosen, and now the axes again resounded in the woods, as the trees were felled and squared under his directions. Alfred was constantly with the engineer, superintending the labour of the men, and contracted a great intimacy with him; indeed, that gentleman was soon on such a footing with the whole family, as to be considered almost as one of them, for he was very amusing, very well bred, and had evidently received every advantage of education. Mr. Campbell found that Mr. Emmerson, for such was his name, could give him every particular relative to the emigrants who had come out, as he was so

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constantly travelling about the country, and was in such constant communication with them.

"You are very fortunate in your purchase," said he to Mr. Campbell, "the land is excellent, and you have a good water power in the stream, as well as convenient carriage by the lake. Fifty years hence this property will be worth a large sum of money."

"I want very much to get some more emigrants to settle here," observed Mr. Campbell. "It would add to our security and comfort; and I have not sufficient hands to cultivate the land which has been cleared by the fire of last autumn. If not cultivated in a short time, it will be all forest again."

"At present it is all raspberries, and very good ones too, are they not, Mr. Emmerson?" said Emma.

"Yes, Miss, most excellent," replied he; "but you are aware that whenever you cut down



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trees here, and do not hoe the ground to sow it, raspberry bushes grow up immediately."

"Indeed, I was not aware of it."

"Such is the case, nevertheless. After the raspberries, the seedling hardwood trees spring up, and, as Mr. Campbell says, they soon grow into a forest again."

"I do not think that you would have much trouble in getting emigrants to come here, Mr. Campbell, but the difficulty will be in persuading them to remain. Their object in coming out to this country is to obtain land of their own, and become independent. Many of them have not the means to go on, and, as a temporary resource, are compelled to act as labourers; but the moment that they get sufficient to purchase for themselves, they will leave you."

"That is very natural; but I have been thinking of obtaining a larger grant than I have now, and I wish very much that I could

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make an arrangement with some emigrants. The Colonel says that I might do so by supplying them with seed, and taking corn in return as rent."

"That would not be a permanent arrangement," replied Mr. Emmerson. "How much land do you propose applying for?"

"Six hundred acres."

"Well, Sir, I think it would meet the views of both parties if you were to offer terms like the following—that is, divide the land into lots of one hundred acres each, and allow them to cultivate for you the fifty acres that adjoin your own land, with the right of purchasing the other fifty as their own property, as soon as they can. You will then obtain three hundred acres of the most valuable land, in addition to your present farm, and have fixed neighbours around you, even after they are enabled to purchase the other fifty."

"I think that a very good arrangement,

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Mr. Emmerson, and I would gladly consent to it."

"Well, Sir, I shall have plenty of opportunities this summer of making the proposal to the emigrants, and if I find any parties who seem likely to prove advantageous as neighbours, I will let you know."

"And with such expectations I will apply for the additional grant," said Mr. Campbell, "for to have neighbours in this solitude, I would almost make them a present of the land."

"I suspect that in a few years you will have neighbours enough, without resorting to such an expedient," replied Mr. Emmerson, "but according to your present proposal, they may be better selected, and you may make terms which will prevent any nuisances."

The works at the mill proceeded rapidly, and before the hay-harvest the mill was complete. Alfred was very careful, and paid every attention to what was going on, and so did Martin,

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that they might understand the machinery. This was very simple. Mr. Emmerson tried the mill, and found it to answer well. He explained every thing to Alfred, and put the mill to work, that he might be fully master of it. As it was a fortnight after the mill was at work before Mr. Emmerson could obtain a passage back to Montreal, Alfred and Martin worked both mills during that time, and felt satisfied that they required no further instruction. The soldiers, at the request of Mr. Campbell, were allowed to remain till the hay-harvest, and as soon as the hay was gathered in, they were paid and returned to the fort. Captain Sinclair, who, from his letter, had been expected to arrive much sooner, came just as the soldiers had left the farm. It need hardly be said that he was received most warmly. He had a great deal to tell them, and had brought out a great many presents; those for poor little Percival

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he kept back, of course. Emma and Mary were delighted to have him again as a companion and to resume their walks with him; a fortnight thus passed away very quickly, when his leave of absence expired, and he was obliged to return to the fort. Previous, however, to his going away, he requested a private interview with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, in which he stated his exact position and his means, and requested their sanction to his paying his addresses to Mary. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who had already perceived the attentions he had shewn to her, did not hesitate to express their satisfaction at his request, and their best wishes for his success; and having so done, they left him to forward his own suit, which Captain Sinclair did not fail to do that very evening. Mary Percival was too amiable and right-minded a girl not at once to refuse or accept Captain Sinclair.

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As she had long been attached to him, she did not deny that such was the case, and Captain Sinclair was overjoyed at his success.

"I have spoken frankly to you, Captain Sinclair," said Mary; "I have not denied that you have an interest in my affections; but I must now request you to let me know what are your future views."

"To do just what you wish me to do."

"I have no right to advise, and no wish to persuade. I have my own path of duty pointed out to me, and from that I cannot swerve."

"And what is that?"

"It is, that under present circumstances, I must not think of leaving my uncle and aunt. I have been bred up and educated by them; I have as an orphan shared their prosperity; I have a deep debt of gratitude to pay, and I

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cannot consent to return to England to enjoy all the advantages which your means will afford, while they remain in their present isolated position. Hereafter circumstances may alter my opinion, but such it is at present."

"But if I am willing to remain with you here to share your fortunes, will not that satisfy you?"

"No, certainly not; for that would be allowing you to do injustice to yourself. I presume you do not mean to quit your profession?"

"I had no such intention; but still, if I have to choose between you and the service, I shall not hesitate."

"I trust you will not hesitate, but determine to adhere steadily to your profession for the present, Captain Sinclair. It will not do for you to give up your prospects and chance of

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advancement for even such a woman as me," continued Mary, smiling; "nor must you think of becoming a backwoodsman for a pale-faced girl."

"Then, what am I to do if, as you say, you will not leave your uncle and aunt?"

"Wait, Captain Sinclair; be satisfied that you have my affections, and wait patiently till circumstances may occur which will enable me to reward your affection without being guilty of ingratitude towards those to whom I owe so much. On such terms I accept you, and accept you willingly; but you must do your duty to yourself, while I must discharge *my* duty towards my uncle and aunt."

"I believe you are right, Mary," replied Captain Sinclair; "only I do not see any definite hope of our being united. Can you give me any prospect to cheer me?"

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"We are both very young, Captain Sinclair," observed Mary; "in a year or two, my uncle and aunt may be less lonely and more comfortable than at present. In a year or two the war may end, and you may honourably retire upon half-pay; in fact, so many chances are there which are hidden from us and come upon us so unexpectedly, that it is impossible to say what may take place. And if, after waiting patiently for some time, none of these chances do turn up, you have yet another in your favour."

"And what is that, Mary?"

"That, perhaps, I may be tired of waiting myself," replied Mary, with a smile.

"Upon that chance then I will live in hope," replied Captain Sinclair; "if you will only reward me when you consider that my faithful service demands it, I will serve as long as Jacob did for Rachel."

"Do so, and you shall not be deceived at

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the end of your services, as he was," replied Mary; "but now let us return to the house."

Captain Sinclair departed the day afterwards, quite satisfied with Mary's resolution.

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## CHAPTER XI.

As Henry had predicted, during the autumn the whole family were fully employed. The stock had increased very much, they had a large number of young calves and heifers, and the sheep had lambed down very favourably. Many of the stock were now turned into the bush, to save the feed on the prairies. The sheep with their lambs, the cows which were in milk, and the young calves only were retained. This gave them more leisure to attend to the corn harvest, which was now ready, and it required all their united exertions from daylight to sunset to get it in, for they had a very large quantity of ground to clear. It was, however, got in very successfully, and all

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stacked in good order. Then came the thrashing of the wheat, which gave them ample employment; and as soon as it could be thrashed out, it was taken to the mill in the waggon, and ground down, for Mr. Campbell had engaged to supply a certain quantity of flour to the fort before the winter set in. They occasionally received a visit from Captain Sinclair and the Colonel, and some other officers, for now they had gradually become intimate with many of them. Captain Sinclair had confided to the Colonel his engagement to Mary Percival, and in consequence the Colonel allowed him to visit at the farm as often as he could, consistently with his duty. The other officers who came to see them, perceiving how much Captain Sinclair engrossed the company of Mary Percival, were very assiduous in their attentions to Emma, who laughed with and at them, and generally contrived to give them something to do for her during their visit, as well as to render

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their attentions serviceable to the household. On condition that Emma accompanied them, they were content to go into the punt and fish for hours; and indeed, all the lake-fish which were caught this year were taken by the officers. There were several very pleasant young men among them, and they were always well received, as they added very much to the society at the farm.

Before the winter set in the flour was all ready, and sent to the fort, as were the cattle which the Colonel requested, and it was very evident that the Colonel was right when he said that the arrangement would be advantageous to both parties. Mr. Campbell, instead of drawing money to pay, this year for the first time received a bill on the government to a considerable amount for the flour and cattle furnished to the troops; and Mrs. Campbell's account for fowls, pork, &c., furnished to the garrison, was by no means to be despised.

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Thus, by the kindness of others, his own exertions, and a judicious employment of his small capital, Mr. Campbell promised to be in a few years a wealthy and independent man. As soon as the harvest was in, Malachi and John, who were of no use in thrashing out the corn, renewed their hunting expeditions, and seldom returned without venison. The Indians had not been seen by Malachi during his excursions, nor any trace of their having been in the neighbourhood; all alarm, therefore, on that account was now over, and the family prepared to meet the coming winter with all the additional precautions which the foregoing had advised them of. But during the Indian summer they received letters from England, detailing, as usual, the news relative to friends with whom they had been intimate; also one from Quebec, informing Mr. Campbell that his application for the extra grant of land was consented to; and another from Montreal, from Mr. Emmerson, stating that he had



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offered terms to two families of settlers who bore very good characters, and if they were accepted by Mr. Campbell, the parties would join them at the commencement of the ensuing spring.

This was highly gratifying to Mr. Campbell, and as the terms were, with a slight variation, such as he had proposed, he immediately wrote to Mr. Emmerson, agreeing to the terms, and requesting that the bargain might be concluded. At the same time that the Colonel forwarded the above letters, he wrote to Mr. Campbell to say that the interior of the fort required a large quantity of plank for repairs, that he was authorized to take them from Mr. Campbell, at a certain price, if he could afford to supply them on those terms, and have them ready by the following spring. This was another act of kindness on the part of the Colonel, as it would now give employment to the saw-mill for the winter, and it was during the winter, and at the time that the snow was on the

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ground, that they could easily drag the timber after it was felled to the saw-mill. Mr. Campbell wrote an answer, thanking the Colonel for his offer, which he accepted, and promised to have the planks ready by the time the lake was again open.

At last the winter set in, with its usual fall of snow. Captain Sinclair took his leave for a long time, much to the sorrow of all the family, who were warmly attached to him. It was now arranged that the only parties who were to go on the hunting excursions should be Malachi and John, as Henry had ample employment in the barns; and Martin and Alfred, in felling timber, and dragging up the stems to the saw-mill, would, with attending to the mill as well have their whole time taken up. Such were the arrangements out of doors, and now that they had lost the services of poor Percival, and the duties to attend to in-doors were so much increased, Mrs. Campbell and the girls were



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obliged to call in the assistance of Mr. Campbell whenever he could be spared from the garden, which was his usual occupation. Thus glided on the third winter in quiet and security; but in full employment, and with so much to do and attend to, that it passed very rapidly.

It was in the month of February, when the snow was very heavy on the ground, that one day Malachi went up to the mill to Alfred, whom he found alone attending the saws, which were in full activity; for Martin was squaring out the timber ready to be sawed at about one hundred yards' distance.

"I am glad to find you alone, Sir," said Malachi, "for I have something of importance to tell you of, and I do not like at present that any body else should know any thing about it."

"What is it, Malachi?" inquired Alfred.

"Why, Sir, when I was out hunting yester-

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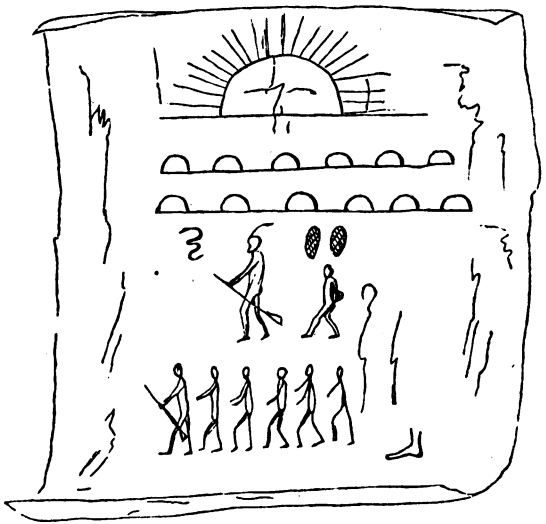
day, I went round to a spot where I had left a couple of deer-hides last week, that I might bring them home, and I found a letter stuck to them with a couple of thorns."

"A letter, Malachi!"

"Yes, Sir, an Indian letter. Here it is." Malachi then produced a piece of birch bark, of which the underneath drawing is a fac-simile."



"Well," said Alfred, "it may be a letter,

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but I confess it is all Greek to me. I certainly do not see why you wish to keep it a secret. Tell me."

"Well, Sir, I could not read one of your letters half so well as I can this; and it contains news of the greatest importance. It's the Indian way of writing, and I know also whom it comes from. A good action is never lost, they say, and I am glad to find that there is some gratitude in an Indian."

"You make me very impatient, Malachi, to know what it means; tell me from whom do you think the letter comes?"

"Why, Sir, do you see this mark here?" said Malachi, pointing to the one lowest down on the piece of bark.

"Yes; it is a foot, is it not?"

"Exactly, Sir; now, do you know whom it comes from?"

"I can't say I do."

"Do you remember two winters back our

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picking up the Indian woman, and carrying her to the house, and your father curing her sprained ankle?"

"Certainly; is it from her?"

"Yes, Sir; and you recollect she said that she belonged to the band which followed the Angry Snake."

"I remember it very well; but now, Malachi, read me the letter at once, for I am very impatient to know what she can have to say."

"I will, Mr. Alfred; now, Sir, there is the sun more than half up, which with them points out it is the setting and not the rising sun; the setting sun therefore means to the westward."

"Very good, that is plain, I think."

"There are twelve wigwams, that is twelve days' journey for a warrior, which the Indians reckon at about fifteen miles a day. How much does fifteen times twelve make, Sir?"

"One hundred and eighty, Malachi."

"Well, Sir, then that is to say that it is one

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hundred and eighty miles off, or thereabouts. Now, this first figure is a chief, for it has an eagle's feather on the head of it, and the snake before it is his *totem*, 'the Angry Snake,' and the other six are the number of the band; and you observe, that the chief and the first figure of the six have a gun in their hands, which is to inform us that they have only two rifles among them."

"Very true; but what is that little figure following the chief with his arms behind him?"

"There is the whole mystery of the letter, Sir, without which it were worth nothing. You perceive that the little figure has a pair of snow-shoes over it."

"Yes, I do."

"Well, that little figure is your brother Percival, whom we supposed to be dead."

"Merciful heaven! is it possible?" exclaimed Alfred; "then he is alive."

"There is no doubt of it, Sir," replied Mala-

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chi; "and now I will put the whole letter together. Your brother Percival has been carried off by the Angry Snake and his band, and has been taken to some place one hundred and eighty miles to the westward, and this information comes from the Indian woman who belongs to the band, and whose life was preserved by your kindness. I don't think, Mr. Alfred, that any white person could have written a letter more plain and more to the purpose."

"I agree with you, Malachi; but the news has so overpowered me, I am so agitated with joy and anxiety of mind, that I hardly know what I say. Percival alive! we'll have him, if we have to go one thousand miles and beat two thousand Indians. Oh, how happy it will make my mother! But what are we to do, Malachi? tell me, I beseech you."

"We must do nothing, Sir," replied Malachi.

"Nothing, Malachi!" replied Alfred, with surprise.

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"No, Sir; nothing at present, at all events. We have the information that the boy is alive, at least it is presumed so; but of course the Indians do not know that we have received such information; if they did, the woman would be killed immediately. Now, Sir, the first question we must ask ourselves is, why they have carried off the boy; for it would be no use carrying off a little boy in that manner without some object."

"It is the very question that I was going to put to you, Malachi."

"Then, Sir, I'll answer it to the best of my knowledge and belief. It is this: the Angry Snake came to the settlement, and saw our stores of powder and shot, and every thing else. He would have attacked us last winter if he had found an opportunity and a chance of success. One of his band was killed, which taught him that we were on the watch, and he failed in that attempt: he managed, however, to pick up the boy when he was lagging behind

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us, at the time that you were wounded by the painter, and carried him off, and he intends to drive a bargain for his being restored to us. That is my conviction."

"I have no doubt but that you are right, Malachi," said Alfred, after a pause. "Well, we must make a virtue of necessity, and give him what he asks."

"Not so, Sir; if we did, it would encourage him to steal again."

"What must we do, then?"

"Punish him, if we can; at all events, we must wait at present, and do nothing. Depend upon it we shall have some communication made to us through him that the boy is in their possession, and will be restored upon certain conditions—probably this spring. It will then be time to consider what is to be done."

"I believe you are right, Malachi."

"I hope to circumvent him yet, Sir," replied Malachi; "but we shall see."

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"Well; but, Malachi, are we to let this be known to any body, or keep it a secret?"

"Well, Sir, I've thought of that; we must only let Martin and the Strawberry into the secret; and I would tell them, because they are almost Indians, as it were; they may have some one coming to them, and there's no fear of their telling. Martin knows better, and as for the Strawberry, she is as safe as if she didn't know it."

"I believe you are right; and still what delight it would give my father and mother!"

"Yes, Sir, and all the family too, I have no doubt, for the first hour or two after you have told them; but what pain it would give them for months afterwards. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' as my father used to read out of the Bible, and that's the truth, Sir. Only consider how your father, and particularly your mother, would fret and pine during the whole time, and what a state of

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anxiety they would be in; they would not eat or sleep. No, no, Sir; it would be a cruelty to tell them, and it must not be. Nothing can be done till the spring, at all events, and we must wait till the messenger comes to us."

"You are right, Malachi; then do as you say, make the communication to Martin and his wife,—and I will keep the secret as faithfully as they will."

"It's a great point our knowing whereabouts the boy is," observed Malachi; "for if it is necessary to make a party to go for him, we know what direction to go in. And it is also a great point to know the strength of the enemy, as now we shall know what force we must take with us in case it is necessary to recover the lad by force or stratagem. All this we gained from the letter, and shall not learn from any messenger sent to us by the Angry Snake, whose head I hope to bruise before I've done with him."

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"If I meet him, one of us shall fall," observed Alfred.

"No doubt, Sir, no doubt," replied Malachi, "but if we can retake the boy by other means, so much the better. A man, bad or good, has but one life, and God gave it to him. It is not for his fellow-creature to take it away unless from necessity. I hope to have the boy without shedding of blood."

"I am willing to have him back upon any terms, Malachi; and, as you say, if we can do it without shedding of blood, all the better; but have him I will, if I have to kill a hundred Indians."

"That's right, Sir; that's right; only let it be the last resort; recollect that the Indian seeks the powder and ball, not the life of the boy; and recollect that if we had not been so careless as to tempt him with the sight of what he values so much, he never would have annoyed us thus."

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"That is true; well then, Malachi, it shall be as you propose in every thing."

The conversation was here finished; Alfred and all those who were possessed of the secret never allowed the slightest hint to drop of their knowledge. The winter passed away without interruption of any kind. Before the snow had disappeared the seed was all prepared ready for sowing; the planks had been sawed out, and all the wheat not required for seed had been ground down and put into flour-barrels, ready for any further demand from the fort. And thus terminated the third winter in Canada.

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## CHAPTER XII.

It was now April, and for some days Malachi and John had been very busy, assisted by the Strawberry; for the time had come for tapping the maple trees, to make the maple sugar, and Mrs. Campbell had expressed a wish that she could be so supplied with an article of such general consumption, and which they could not obtain but by the *bateaux* which went to Montreal. In the evening, when Malachi and John were, as usual, employed in cutting small trays out of the soft wood of the balsam fir, and of which they had already prepared a

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large quantity, Mrs. Campbell asked Malachi how the sugar was procured.

"Very easily, Ma'am; we tap the trees."

"Yes, so you said before; but how do you do it? Explain the whole affair to me."

"Why, Ma'am, we pick out the maple trees which are about a foot wide at the bottom of the trunk, as they yield most sugar. We then bore a hole in the trunk of the tree, about two feet above the ground, and into that hole we put a hollow reed, just the same as you would put a spigot in a cask. The liquor runs out into one of these trays that we have been digging out."

"Well, and then what do you do?"

"We collect all the liquor every morning till we have enough to fill the coppers, and then we boil it down."

"What coppers will you use, then?"

"There are two large coppers in the store-room, not yet put up, which will answer our



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purpose very well, Ma'am. They hold about a hogshead each. We shall take them into the woods with us, and pour the liquor into them, and boil them down as soon as they are ready. You must come and see us on the boiling-day, and we can have a frolic in the woods."

"With all my heart," replied Mrs. Campbell. "How much liquor do you get from one tree?"

"A matter of two or three gallons," replied Malachi, "sometimes more and sometimes less. After we have tapped the trees and set our trays, we shall have nothing more to do for a fortnight. The Strawberry can attend to them all, and will let us know when she is ready."

"Do you tap the trees every year?"

"Yes, Ma'am, and a good tree will bear it for fifteen or twenty years; but it kills them at last."

"So I should suppose, for you take away so much of the sap of the tree."

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"Exactly, Ma'am; but there's no want of sugar maples in these woods."

"You promised us some honey, Malachi," said Emma, "but we have not seen it yet. Can you get us some?"

"We had no time to get it last autumn, Miss, but we will try this autumn what we can do. When John and I are out in the woods, we shall very probably find a honey tree, without going very far. I did intend to have looked out for some, if you had not mentioned it."

"I know one," said Martin; "I marked it a fortnight ago, but I quite forgot all about it. Since the mill has been in hand, I have had little time for any thing else. The fact is, we have all plenty to do just now."

"That we certainly have," replied Henry, laughing; "I wish I could see the end of my work in the barn; I doubt if I shall be able to get out with my rifle this winter."

"No, Sir, you must leave the woods to John



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and me," replied Malachi. "Never mind, you shan't want for venison. Do you require the sledge to-morrow, Mr. Alfred?"

Malachi referred to a small sledge which they had made in the winter, and which was now very useful, as they could, with one horse, transport things from place to place. It was used by Alfred for bringing down to the store-house the sacks of flour as fast as they were ground in the mill.

"I can do without it for a day. What do you want it for?"

"To bring all the honey home," said Emma, laughing.

"No, Miss, to take the coppers out into the woods," replied Malachi, "that they may be ready for the liquor. As soon as we have tapped the trees, we will look for the honey."

"Did you send your skins down to Montreal by the *bateaux?*" inquired Mr. Campbell.

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"Yes, father," replied Alfred, "Mr. Emmerson took charge of them, and promised to deliver them to the agent; but we have not so many this year as we had last. John has the largest package of all of us."

"Yes, he beats me this year," said Malachi; "he always contrives to get the first shot. I knew that I should make a hunter of the boy. He might go out by himself now, and do just as well as I do."

The next morning, Malachi went out into the woods, taking with him the coppers and all the trays on the sledge: during that day he was busy boring the trees and fitting the reed pipes to the holes. Strawberry and John accompanied him, and by sunset their work was complete.

The next morning when they went out, only Malachi and John took their axes with them, for John could use his very well for so young a lad. They first went to the tree which Martin had discovered; he had given a description

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where to find it. They cut it down, but did not attempt to take the honey till the night, when they lighted a fire, and drove away the bees by throwing leaves on it and making a great smoke; they then opened the tree, and gained about two pails full of honey, which they brought in just as the family were about to go to bed. When they went out the next morning, they found a bear very busy at the remains of the comb, but the animal made off before they could get a shot at him.

Every morning the Strawberry collected all the sap which had run out of the trees, and poured it into the coppers which had been fixed up by Malachi, ready for a fire to be lighted under them. They continued their search, and found three more hives of bees, which they marked and allowed to remain till later in the season, when they could take them at their leisure. In a fortnight, they had collected sufficient liquor from the trees to fill

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both the coppers to the brim, besides several pails. The fires were therefore lighted under the coppers, and due notice given to Mrs. Campbell and the girls, that the next day they must go out into the woods and see the operation; as the liquor would towards the afternoon be turned into the coolers, which were some of the large washing-tubs then in use, and which had been thoroughly cleansed for the purpose.

As this was to be a holiday in the woods, they prepared a cold dinner in a large basket, and gave it in charge of Henry. Mr. Campbell joined the party, and they all set off to the spot, which was about two miles distant. On their arrival, they examined the trees and the trays into which the juice first ran, the boilers in which the liquor was now simmering over the fire, and asked questions of Malachi, so that they might, if necessary, be able to make the sugar themselves; after which the first cooler was filled with

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the boiling liquor, that they might see how the sugar crystallized as the liquor became cold. They then sat down under a large tree and dined. The tree was at some distance from the boilers, as there was no shade in the open spot where Malachi had placed them, and the afternoon was passed very agreeably in listening to Malachi's and Martin's stories of their adventures in the woods. While they were still at dinner, Oscar and the other dogs which had accompanied them, had strayed to about a hundred yards distant, and were soon very busy scraping and barking at a large hole.

"What are the dogs after?" said Alfred.

"Just what the Strawberry wants, and told me to get for her," replied Malachi; "we will dig him out to-morrow."

"What is it, Strawberry?" said Mary.

The Strawberry pointed to her mocassins, and then put her finger on the porcupine quills with which they were embroidered.

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"I don't know the English name," said she softly.

"A porcupine you mean," said Mary; "the animal those quills come from."

"Yes," replied the Strawberry.

"Is there a porcupine there, Malachi?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, Ma'am, that is certain; the dogs know that well enough, or they would not make such a noise. If you like, we will go for the shovels and dig him out."

"Do, pray; I should like to see him caught," said Emma; "it shall be our evening's amusement."

Martin got up, and went for the shovels; during his absence, the dinner was cleared away, and the articles replaced in the basket; they then all adjourned to where the dogs were still barking and scratching.

It was more than an hour before they could dig out the animal, and when, at last, it burst

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away from the hole, they could not help laughing as they witnessed the way in which one or two of the dogs were pricked with the quills of the animal, who needed no other defence; the dogs ran back, pawed their noses, and then went on again. Oscar was too knowing to attack it in that way; he attempted to turn it over, so that he might get at its stomach, when he would soon have killed it, but Martin dispatched the poor beast with a blow on the nose, and the dogs then rushed in upon it. They amused themselves selecting all the best of the quills for the Strawberry, and then they went back again to the coolers to see the sugar which had been made.

As they neared the spot, Emma cried out, "There is a bear at the cooler; look at him."

Malachi and John had their rifles ready immediately. Mrs. Campbell and Mary were much alarmed, as the animal was not one hundred yards from them.

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"Do not be afraid, Ma'am," said Malachi; "the animal is only after the sugar. He likes sugar just as well as honey."

"I don't doubt but he's the same beast that you saw at the honeycomb the other day," said Martin. "Let us stay where we are and watch him. We may lose a few pounds of sugar, but I expect he will make you laugh."

"I really see nothing laughable in such a terrific brute," said Mrs. Campbell.

"You are quite safe, Ma'am," said Martin; "Malachi and Mr. John have both their rifles."

"Well, then, I will trust to them," said Mrs. Campbell; "but I should prefer being at home, nevertheless. What a great brute it is."

"Yes, Ma'am; it is a very large animal, that's certain; but they are not very fat at this time of the year. See how he's smelling at the liquor, now he's licking the top of it with his tongue. He won't be satisfied with

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that, now that he has once tasted it. I told you so."

The eyes of the whole party, some frightened and some not, were now fixed upon the bear, who, approving of what he had tasted as a sample, now proceeded to help himself more liberally.

He therefore placed his paw down into the contents of the cooler, but although the surface of the liquor was cool, the lower part was still scalding hot, and he had not put his paw in for a moment, when he withdrew it with a loud roar, rearing up and sitting upon his hind legs, and throwing his burnt paw in the air.

"I said so," observed Malachi, chuckling; "he has found it hotter than he expected."

John, Alfred, and Martin burst out laughing at the sight; and even Mrs. Campbell and the two girls could not help being amused.

"He'll try it again," said Martin.

"Yes, that he will," replied Malachi. "John,

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be all ready with your rifle, for the brute has seen us."

"Why, he won't come this way, will he?" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, Ma'am, that he most likely will when he is angry; but you need not fear."

"But I'm afraid, Malachi," said Mary.

"Then perhaps you had better go about fifty yards back with Mr. Campbell, where you will see the whole without danger. There he goes to it again; I knew he would."

Martin, who had got all the dogs collected together and fast by a piece of deer's hide, as soon as they had discovered the bear, went back with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and the girls.

"You need have no fear, Ma'am," said Martin; "the rifles won't miss their mark, and if they did, I have the dogs to let loose upon him; and I think Oscar, with the help of the others, would master him. Down—silence, Oscar—down, dogs, down. Look at the Straw-

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berry, Ma'am, she's not afraid, she's laughing like a silver bell."

During this interval, the bear again applied to the cooler, and burnt himself as before, and this time being more angry, he now gave another roar, and, as if considering that the joke had been played upon him by the party who were looking on, he made directly for them at a quick run.

"Now, John," said Malachi; "get your bead well on him, right between his eyes."

John kneeled down in front of Malachi, who had his rifle all ready; much to the horror of Mrs. Campbell, John permitted the bear to come within twenty yards of him. He then fired, and the animal fell dead without a struggle.

"A good shot, and well put in," said Malachi, going up to the bear. "Let the dogs loose, Martin, that they may worry the carcase; it will do them good."

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Martin did so; the dogs were permitted to pull and tear at the dead animal for a few minutes, and then taken off; in the mean time, Mr. Campbell and the ladies had come up to where the animal lay.

"Well, Ma'am, isn't John a cool shot?" said Malachi. "Could the oldest hunter have done better?"

"My dear John, you quite frightened me," said Mrs. Campbell; "why did you allow the beast to come so near to you?"

"Because I wanted to kill him dead, and not wound him," replied John.

"To be sure," replied Malachi; "to wound a bear is worse than leaving him alone."

"Well, Malachi, you certainly have made a hunter of John," said Mr. Campbell. "I could not have supposed such courage and presence of mind in one so young."

John was very much praised, as he deserved to be, by the whole party; and then Malachi

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said, "The skin belongs to John, that of course."

"Is the bear good eating now?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Not very, Ma'am," replied Malachi, "for he has consumed all his fat during the winter; but we will cut off the legs for hams, and when they are salted and smoked with the other meat, you will acknowledge that a bear's ham is at all events a dish that any one may say is good. Come, John, where's your knife? Martin, give us a hand here, while Mr. Campbell and the ladies go home."

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## CHAPTER XIII.

It was in the first week of June that Malachi, when he was out in the woods, perceived an Indian, who came towards him. He was a youth of about twenty or twenty-one years old, tall and slightly made; he carried his bow and arrows and his tomahawk, but had no gun. Malachi was at that time sitting down on the trunk of a fallen tree; he was not more than two miles from the house, and had gone out with his rifle without any particular intent, unless it was that, as he expected he should soon receive some communication from the Indians, he wished to give them an op-



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portunity of speaking to him alone. The Indian came up to where Malachi was, and took a seat by him, without saying a word.

"Is my son from the West?" said Malachi, in the Indian tongue, after a silence of one or two minutes.

"The Young Otter is from the West," replied the Indian. "The old men have told him of the Grey Badger, who has lived the life of a snake, and who has hunted with the fathers of those who are now old. Does my father live with the white man?"

"He lives with the white man," replied Malachi; "he has no Indian blood in his veins."

"Has the white man many in his lodge?" said the Indian.

"Yes; many young men and many rifles," replied Malachi.

The Indian did not continue this conversa-

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tion, and there was a silence of some minutes. Malachi was convinced that the young Indian had been sent to intimate that Percival was alive and in captivity, and he resolved to wait patiently till he brought up the subject.

"Does not the cold kill the white man?" said the Indian, at last.

"No; the white man can bear the winter's ice as well as an Indian. He hunts as well, and brings home venison."

"Are all who came here with him now in the white man's lodge?"

"No, not all; one white child slept in the snow, and is in the land of spirits," replied Malachi.

Here there was a pause in the conversation for some minutes; at last the young Indian said—

"A little bird sang in my ear, and it said, 'The white man's child is not dead; it wandered about in the woods and was lost, and the



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Indian found him, and took him to his wigwam in the Far West.'"

"Did not the little bird lie to the Young Otter?" replied Malachi.

"No; the little bird sung what was true," replied the Indian. "The white boy is alive and in the lodge of the Indian."

"There are many white men in the country who have children," replied Malachi; "and children are often lost. The little bird may have sung of the child of some other white man."

"The white boy had a rifle in his hand, and snow-shoes on his feet."

"So have all they who go out to hunt in the winter's snow," replied Malachi.

"But the white boy was found near to the white man's lodge."

"Then why was not the boy taken back to the white man by the Indians who found him?"

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"They were going to their own wigwams and could not turn aside; besides, they feared to come near to the white man's lodge after the sun was down; as my father says he has many young men and many rifles."

"But the white man does not raise his rifle against the Indian, whether he comes by day or by night," replied Malachi. "At night he kills the prowling wolf when he comes near to the lodge."

The Indian again stopped and was silent. He knew by the words of Malachi that the wolf's skin, with which the Indian had been covered when he was crawling to the palisades and had been shot by John, had been discovered. Malachi, after a while, renewed the conversation.

"Is the Young Otter of a near tribe?"

"The lodges of our tribe are twelve days' journey to the westward," replied the Indian.

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"The chief of the Young Otter's band is a great warrior?"

"He is," replied the Indian.

"Yes," replied Malachi. "The 'Angry Snake' is a great warrior. Did he send the Young Otter to me to tell me that the white boy was alive, and in his wigwam?"

The Indian again paused. He perceived that Malachi knew where he came from, and from whom. At last he said—

"It is many moons since the Angry Snake has taken care of the white boy, and has fed him with venison; many moons that he has hunted for him to give him food; and the white boy loves the Angry Snake as a father, and the Angry Snake loves the boy as his son. He will adopt him, and the white boy will be the chief of the tribe. He will forget the white men, and become red as an Indian."

"The boy is forgotten by the white man,

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who has long numbered him with the dead," replied Malachi.

"The white man has no memory," replied the Indian, "to forget so soon; but it is not so. He would make many presents to him who would bring back the boy."

"And what presents could he make?" replied Malachi; "the white man is poor, and hunts with his young men as the Indian does. What has the white man to give that the Indian covets? He has no whisky."

"The white man has powder, and lead, and rifles," replied the Indian; "more than he can use, locked up in his storehouse."

"And will the Angry Snake bring back the white boy if the white man gives him powder, and lead, and rifles?" inquired Malachi.

"He will make a long journey, and bring the white boy with him," replied the Indian; "but first let the white man say what presents he will give."

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"He shall be spoken to," replied Malachi, "and his answer shall be brought, but the Young Otter must not go to the white man's lodge. A red-skin is not safe from the rifles of the young men. When the moon is at the full I will meet the Young Otter after the sun is down, at the eastern side of the long prairie. Is it good?"

"Good," replied the Indian, who rose, turned on his heel, and walked away into the forest.

When Malachi returned to the house, he took an opportunity of communicating to Alfred what had taken place. After some conversation, they agreed that they would make Captain Sinclair, who had that morning arrived from the fort, their confidant as to what had occurred, and decide with him upon what steps should be taken. Captain Sinclair was very much surprised, and equally delighted, when he heard that Percival was still alive, and warmly entered into the subject.

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"The great question is, whether it would not be better to accede to the terms of this scoundrel of an Indian chief," observed Captain Sinclair. "What are a few pounds of powder, and a rifle or two, compared with the happiness which will be produced by the return of Percival to his parents, who have so long lamented him as dead?"

"It's not that, Sir," replied Malachi. "I know that Mr. Campbell would give his whole storeroom to regain his boy, but we must consider what will be the consequence if he does so. One thing is certain, that the Angry Snake will not be satisfied with a trifling present; he will ask many rifles, perhaps more than we have at the farm, and powder and shot in proportion; for he has mixed much with white people, especially when the French were here, and he knows how little we value such things, and how much we love our children. But, Sir, in the first place, you supply him and

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his band with arms to use against us at any other time, and really make them formidable; and in the next place, you encourage him to make some other attempt to obtain similar presents—for he will not be idle. Recollect, Sir, that we have in all probability killed one of their band, when he came to reconnoitre the house in the skin of a wolf, and that will never be forgotten, but revenged as soon as it can be. Now, Sir, if we give him arms and ammunition, we shall put the means of revenge in his hands, and I should not be surprised to find us one day attacked by him and his band, and it may be, overpowered by means of these rifles which you propose to give him."

"There is much truth and much good sense in what you say, Malachi—indeed, I think it almost at once decides the point, and that we must not consent to his terms; but then what must we do to recover the boy?"

"That is the question which puzzles me,"

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replied Alfred, "for I perfectly agree with Malachi, that we must not give him arms and ammunition, and I doubt if he would accept of any thing else."

"No, Sir, that he will not, depend upon it," replied Malachi. "I think there is but one way that will give us any chance."

"What, then, is your idea, Malachi?"

"The Angry Snake with his band were tracking us, and had we not been too strong, would have attacked and murdered us all, that is clear. Not daring to do that, he has stolen Percival, and detains him, to return him at his own price. Now, Sir, the Young Otter has come to us, and offers to come again. We have given him no pledge of safe conduct, and, therefore, when he comes again, we must have an ambush ready for him, and make him prisoner; but then you see, Sir, we must have the assistance of the Colonel, for he must be confined at the fort; we could not well keep him at the farm. In the first place,

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it would be impossible then to withhold the secret from Mr. and Mrs. Campbell; and, in the next, we should have to be on the look-out for an attack every night for his rescue; but if the Colonel was to know the whole circumstances, and would assist us, we might capture the Indian lad, and hold him as a hostage for Master Percival, till we could make some terms with the Angry Snake."

"I like your idea very much, Malachi," replied Captain Sinclair, "and if, Alfred, you agree with me, I will acquaint the Colonel with the whole of what has passed when I return to-night, and see if he will consent to our taking such a step. When are you to meet the Indian, Malachi?"

"In three days, that is on Saturday; it will be the full of the moon, and then I meet him at night, at the end of the prairie nearest to the fort, so that there will be no difficulty in doing all we propose without Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

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being aware of any thing that has taken place."

"I think we cannot do better than you have proposed," said Alfred.

"Be it so, then," said Captain Sinclair. "I will be here again to-morrow—no, not to-morrow, but the day after will be better, and then I will give you the reply of the Colonel, and make such arrangements as may be necessary."

"That's all right, Sir," replied Malachi; "and now all we have to do is to keep our own secret; so, perhaps, Captain Sinclair, you had better go back to the young ladies, for Miss Mary may imagine that it must be something of very great importance which can have detained you so long from her presence;" and Malachi smiled as he finished his remark.

"There's good sense in that observation, Malachi," said Alfred, laughing. "Come, Sinclair."

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Captain Sinclair quitted in the evening, and went back to the fort. He returned at the time appointed, and informed them that the Colonel fully approved of their plan of holding the young Indian as a hostage, and that he would secure him in the fort as soon as he was brought in.

"Now, do we want any assistance from the fort? Surely not, to capture an Indian lad; at least, so I said to the Colonel," continued Captain Sinclair.

"No, Sir, we want no assistance, as you say. I am his match myself, if that were all; but it is not strength which is required. He is as little and supple as an eel, and as difficult to hold, that I am certain of. If we were to use our rifles there would be no difficulty, but to hold him will give some trouble to two of us, and if once he breaks loose, he would be too fleet for any of us."

"Well, then, Malachi, how shall we proceed?"

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"Why, Sir, I must meet him, and you and Mr. Alfred and Martin must be hid at a distance, and gradually steal near to us. Martin shall have his deer thongs all ready, and when you pounce upon him, he must bind him at once. Martin is used to them, and knows how to manage it."

"Well, if you think that we three cannot manage him, let us have Martin."

"It isn't strength, Sir," replied Malachi, "but he will slip through your fingers, if not well tied, in half a minute. Now, we will just walk down to where I intend to meet him, and survey the place, and then I'll shew you where you must be, for we must not be seen together in that direction to-morrow, for he may be lurking about, and have some suspicion."

They then walked to the end of the prairie nearest to the fort, which was about a mile

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from the house, and Malachi having selected his ground, and pointed out to them where to conceal themselves, they returned to the house, Alfred having made arrangements when and where he and Martin would meet Captain Sinclair on the day appointed.

The next day passed, and Malachi, as the sun sank behind the lake, walked out to the end of the prairie. He had not been there ten minutes, when the young Indian stood before him. He was armed, as before, with his tomahawk and bow and arrows, but Malachi had come out expressly without his rifle.

Malachi, as soon as he perceived the Indian, sat down, as is the usual custom among them when they hold a talk, and the Young Otter followed his example.

"Has my father talked to the white man?" said the Indian, after a short silence.

"The white man grieves for the loss of his

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boy, and his squaw weeps," replied Malachi. "The Angry Snake must bring the boy to the lodge of the white man, and receive presents."

"Will the white man be generous?" continued the Indian.

"He has powder, and lead, and rifles, and obacco; will such presents please the Angry Snake?"

"The Angry Snake had a dream," replied the Indian, "and he told me his dream. He dreamt that the white boy was put into his mother's arms, who wept for joy, and the white man opened his store, and gave to the Angry Snake ten rifles, and two kegs of powder, and as much lead as four men could carry away."

"'Twas a good dream," replied Malachi, "and it will come true when the white boy comes back to his mother."

"The Angry Snake had another dream. He



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dreamt that the white man received his child, and pushed the Angry Snake out from the door of his lodge."

"That was bad," replied Malachi. "Look at me, my son; say, did you ever hear that the Grey Badger said a lie?" and Malachi laid hold of the Indian's arm as he spoke.

This was the signal agreed upon between Malachi and the party concealed, who rushed forward and seized the Indian. The Young Otter sprang up in spite of their endeavours to keep him, and would certainly have escaped, for he had got his tomahawk clear, and was about to wield it around his head, had not Martin already passed one of the deer thongs round his ankle, by which the Indian was thrown again to the ground. His arms were then secured behind his back with other deer-skin thongs, and another passed round his ankle, and given to Alfred.

"You were right, Malachi," said Captain

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Sinclair, "how he contrived to twist himself out of our grasp I cannot imagine; but he certainly would have been off, and probably have broken our heads before he went."

"I know the nature of these Indians, Sir," replied Malachi; "they're never safe, even when tied, if the thong does not cut into the bone; but you have him now, Sir, fast enough and the sooner you get to the fort the better. You have your rifles in the bush."

"Yes," replied Martin, "you'll find them behind the large oak tree."

"I'll fetch them; not that I think there's much danger of a rescue."

"We have not far to take him," said Captain Sinclair, "for, as I wished you and Alfred not to be so long away as to induce questions to be asked; I have a file of men and a corporal about half a mile off, concealed in the bush. But, Malachi, it is as well to let the Indian know that he is only detained as a hostage,



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and will be returned as soon as the boy is sent back."

Malachi addressed the Indian in his own tongue, and told him what Captain Sinclair requested.

"Tell him that there are several Indian women about the fort, who will take any message he may send to the Angry Snake."

The Young Otter made no reply to any thing said by Malachi, but looked around him very impatiently.

"Be off as fast as you can," said Malachi, "for depend upon it the Angry Snake was to meet him after his talk with me; I see it by his wandering eye, and his looking round for assistance. I will go with you, and return with Alfred and Martin, for I have no rifle."

"You can take mine, Malachi, as soon as we come up to the soldiers."

This was done in a few minutes. Captain Sinclair then took charge of the Indian, and

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set off with his party for the fort. Malachi, Alfred, and Martin returned to the house, and before they entered the prairie, Martin detected the tall figure of an Indian at a short distance, in the shade of the trees.

"Yes, I was sure of it," said Malachi. "It was well that I did not go back without you. After all, in the woods, a man's no man without his rifle."

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## CHAPTER XIV.

MARTIN was right when he stated that he perceived the form of the Angry Snake under the shade of the trees. The chief was then watching what occurred, and had been witness to the capture of his emissary, and, following those who had the Young Otter in charge, saw him conveyed to the fort. In the meantime, Malachi, Martin, and Alfred, went home without any suspicion being raised among the other branches of the family of what had occurred. This gave them great satisfaction.

"Well, Malachi," said Alfred the next morn-

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ing, as they were all busily employed getting the seed into the new cleared land; "what do you imagine will be the steps now taken by the Angry Snake?"

"It's hard to say, Sir," replied Malachi; "for he well deserves the name of a snake, if, as the Scripture says, it's the subtlest thing on earth: he will try all he can, you may be sure; and if it were not that he is afraid of us, he would attack us immediately; but that I have no idea that he will venture upon."

"No, for your letter says, that he has only two rifles in his band, which are not enough to give him any chance of success."

"Very true, Sir. I hear that the *bateaux* are coming from the fort for the plank and flour."

"Yes, to-morrow, if there is not so much wind as there is to-day; it blows very fresh. Where is John?"

"I left him with the Strawberry, Sir; they were busy with the sugar."

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"By the bye, how much have you got, Malachi?"

"About three or four hundred pounds, Sir, as near as I can reckon; quite as much as Madam will require."

"Yes, I should think so; now we shall have preserves of all sorts and the fruit for nothing; the wild raspberries are nearly ripe, and so are the cherries; my cousins want John to help to gather them."

"Well, Sir, I dare say he will do so, although I believe that he would rather do any thing else. He said he was going to fish this morning."

"The water is too rough, and he will not be able to manage the punt by himself."

"Then that's the very reason why he'll go out," replied Malachi; "he don't like easy jobs like picking raspberries. Is it true, Mr. Alfred, that we are to have some more settlers come here?"

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"Yes, I believe so; my father is very anxious to have them; he thinks it will be a great security, and he has offered very advantageous terms; you won't much like that, Malachi."

"Well, Sir, I dare say you may think so, but it is not the case; if any one had told me two years ago that I could have remained here, I would have said it was impossible, but we are all creatures of habit. I had been so used to my own company for so long a time, that when I first saw you, I couldn't bear the sight of you; no, not even that of your pretty cousins, Miss Mary and Emma, although Heaven knows they might tame a savage; but now, Sir, I feel quite changed; I have first borne with company, because I fancied the boy, and then I felt no dislike to it, and now I like it. I believe that in my old age I am coming back to my feelings as a boy, and I think very often of my father's farm and the little village that was close to it; and then I often fancy that I should like

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to see a village rise up here, and a church stand up there upon the mount; I think I should like to live on till I saw a church built and God worshipped as he ought to be."

"This is indeed a change, Malachi; well, I hope you will see a church on the mount, and live many years afterwards to be present at the weddings and christenings."

"As it pleases God, Sir. There's one thing, Mr. Alfred, that has given me great content, and more than any thing, perhaps, reconciled me to my new way of living; and that is, that the Strawberry, by the blessing of God and the labour of your mother and cousins, has become a good Christian; you don't know how pleased I am at that."

"She's an excellent little creature, Malachi; every one is fond of her, and I believe Martin is very strongly attached to her."

"Yes, Sir, she's a good wife, for she never uses her tongue, and obeys her husband in all

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things. I think Martin has now become quite steady, and you might send him to Montreal or anywhere else without fear of his getting into the prison for making a disturbance.... I see that a bear has been over into the maize-field last night."

"What! did he climb the snake-fence?"

"Yes, Sir, they climb any thing; but I have got his tracks, and this night I think that I shall get hold of him, for I shall lay a trap for him."

Malachi and Alfred continued to work for two or three hours, when they were summoned by Emma to go in to dinner. "I cannot find John," said Emma, as they walked home; "Strawberry says that he left her some time back, and went to fish; have you seen him pass by the river's side?"

"No," replied Alfred; "but, Malachi, you said that he was going to fish in the punt, did you not?"

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"Yes, Sir."

"Do you see the punt on the beach, Emma?"

"No, I do not," replied Emma; "but it may be behind the point."

"Nor can I; I hope he has not been carried away by the wind, for it blows very hard; I'll run down, and see if he is there."

Alfred ran down to the beach; the punt was gone from the shore, and after looking for some time to leeward, which was to the eastward, in the direction of the rapids, Alfred thought that he perceived something like a boat at a distance of three or four miles; but the water of the lake was much ruffled by the strong wind, and it was not easy to distinguish.

Alfred hastened back, and said to Emma, "I really am afraid that John is adrift. I think I see the boat, but am not sure. Emma,

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go in quietly and bring out my telescope, which is over my bed-place. Do not let them see you, or they will be asking questions, and your aunt may be alarmed."

Emma went to the house, and soon returned with the telescope. Alfred and Malachi then went down to the beach, and the former distinctly made out that what he had seen was the punt adrift with John in it.

"Now, what is to be done?" said Alfred. "I must take a horse, and ride off to the fort, for if they do not see him before he passes, he may not be picked up."

"If he once gets into the rapids, Sir," said Malachi, "he will be in great danger; for he may be borne down upon one of the rocks, and upset in a minute."

"Yes; but he is some way from them yet," replied Alfred.

"Very true, Sir; but with this strong wind

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right down to them, and helping the current, he will soon be there. There is no time to be lost."

"No; but I'll go in to dinner, and as soon as I have taken a mouthful, just to avoid creating any alarm, I will slip out, and ride to the fort as fast as I can."

"Just so; you will be there in good time, for he is now three miles above the fort; indeed, he cannot well pass it without their seeing him."

"Yes, he can, now that the water is so rough," replied Alfred; "recollect that they are soldiers in the fort and not sailors, who are accustomed to look on the water. A piece of drift timber and a punt is much the same to their eyes. Come, let us in to dinner."

"Yes, Sir; I'll follow you," replied Malachi; "but, before I come in, I'll catch the horse and saddle him for you. You can tell Miss Emma to hold her tongue about it."

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Alfred rejoined Emma, whom he cautioned, and then they went in to their dinner.

"Where's John?" said Mr. Campbell; "he promised me some lake fish for dinner, and has never brought them in; so you will not have such good fare as I expected."

"And where's Malachi?" said Alfred.

"I dare say he and John are out together somewhere," observed Henry, who, with Martin, had come in before Alfred.

"Well, he will lose his dinner," said Mrs. Campbell.

"That's what I cannot afford to do, mother," said Alfred; "I am very hungry, and I have not more than five minutes to spare, for that seed must be put in to-night."

"I thought Malachi was with you, Alfred," said Mr. Campbell.

"So he was, father," replied Alfred; "but he left me. Now, mother, please to give me my dinner."

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Alfred ate fast, and then rose from the table, and went away from the house. The horse was all ready, and he mounted and rode off for the fort, telling Malachi that his father and mother thought John was with him; and that, therefore, he had better not go in to dinner, but keep out of the way.

"Yes, Sir, that will be best, and then they can ask no questions. Be quick, Sir, for I am not at all easy about the boy."

Their plans, however, to conceal the danger of John did not succeed; for Mrs. Campbell, after the loss of poor little Percival, had become more than ever solicitous about John, and a minute or two after Alfred had left the house, she rose from the table, and went to the door, to see if she could perceive Malachi and John coming in. As it happened, Alfred had just set off in a gallop, and she saw him, as well as Malachi standing by himself and watching Alfred's departure. The very

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circumstance of Alfred's mysterious departure alarmed her. He had never said that he was going to the fort, and that John was not with Malachi was certain. She went into the cottage, and, sinking back in her chair, exclaimed—"Some accident has happened to John!"

"Why should you say so, my dear?" said Mr. Campbell.

"I'm sure of it," replied Mrs. Campbell, bursting into tears. "Alfred is riding away to the fort. Malachi is standing by himself outside. What can it be?"

Mr. Campbell and all the others ran out immediately, except Mary Percival, who went to Mrs. Campbell. Mr. Campbell beckoned to Emma, and from her obtained the real state of the case.

"It will be better to tell her at once," said Mr. Campbell, who then went to his wife, telling her that John was adrift, and that Alfred had ridden to the fort to pick him up in



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one of the *bateaux*, but there was no danger to be apprehended."

"Why should they conceal it, if there was no danger, Campbell?" replied his wife. "Yes; there must be danger now the water is so rough. My child, am I to lose you as well as my poor Percival!" continued Mrs. Campbell, again sobbing.

Every attempt was made to console her and assuage her fears, but with indifferent success, and the afternoon of this day was passed in great concern by all, and in an extreme state of nervous anxiety on the part of Mrs. Campbell. Towards the evening, Alfred was seen returning on horseback at full speed. The whole of the family were out watching his arrival, with beating hearts; poor Mrs. Campbell in almost a fainting state. Alfred perceived them long before he had crossed the prairie, and waved his hat in token of good tidings.

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"All's well, depend upon it, my dear," said Mr. Campbell. "Alfred would not wave his hat if there was any disaster."

"I must have it from his own mouth," said Mrs. Campbell, almost breathless.

"Safe?" cried out Martin to Alfred, as he approached.

"Safe, quite safe!" cried Alfred, in return.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Mrs. Campbell, in a low voice, clasping her hands in gratitude.

Alfred leapt off his saddle, and hastened to communicate the news. John, trusting too much to his own powers, had gone out in the punt, and soon found out that he could not manage it in so strong a wind. He attempted to get back to the beach, but was unsuccessful, and had, as we have said, been carried away by the wind and current down towards the rapids; but it so happened that before Alfred had arrived at the fort, Cap-



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tain Sinclair had observed the punt adrift, and, by the aid of a telescope, ascertained that John was in it, exerting himself very vigorously, but to no purpose. Captain Sinclair, having reported it to the commandant and obtained permission, had launched one of the *bateaux*, manned by the soldiers, and had brought John and the punt on shore, about four miles below the fort, and not until they had arrived in the strong current of the rapids, which in another hour would have, in all probability, proved fatal. Alfred, from the fort, had seen Captain Sinclair gain the shore, with John and the punt in tow, and, as soon as he was satisfied of his brother's safety, had ridden back as fast as he could, to communicate it. This intelligence gave them all great delight, and now that they knew that John was safe, they waited his return with patience. Captain Sinclair arrived, with John behind him, on

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horseback, about two hours afterwards, and was gladly welcomed.

"Indeed, Captain Sinclair, we are under great obligations to you. Had you not been so active, the boy might have been lost," said Mrs. Campbell. "Accept my best thanks."

"And mine," said Mary, extending her hand to him.

"John, you have frightened me very much," said Mrs. Campbell; "how could you be so imprudent as to go on the lake in such a high wind? See, what a narrow escape you have had."

"I should have been at Montreal to-morrow morning," said John, laughing.

"No, never; you would have been upset in the rapids long before you could get to Montreal."

"Well, mother, I can swim," replied John.

"You naughty boy, nothing will make you afraid."

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"Well, Ma'am, it's a good fault, that of having confidence in yourself, so don't check it too much," replied Malachi. "It saves many a man who would otherwise be lost."

"That's very true, Malachi," observed Alfred; "so, now that he is safe back, we won't scold John any more. He will know better than to go out in such rough weather again."

"To be sure I shall," said John; "I don't *want* to go down the rapids."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that," replied Mrs. Campbell.

Captain Sinclair remained with them that night. Before daylight, the family were alarmed by the report of a gun, and it was immediately supposed that some attack had been made on the lodge occupied by Malachi, Martin, and his wife. Captain Sinclair, Alfred, Henry, and John sprang out of bed, and were clothed in a minute. As soon as

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they had armed themselves, they opened the door cautiously, and, looking well round, went through the passage to the sheep-fold where the lodge was built. Every thing, however, appeared to be quiet, and Alfred knocked at the door. Malachi answered to the inquiry, "What is the matter?"

"We heard the report of a gun close to the house just now, and we thought something might have happened."

"Oh!" cried Malachi, laughing, "is that all? Then you may all go to bed again. It's my trap for the bear,—nothing more. I forgot to tell you last night."

"Well, as we are up, we may as well go and see," said Alfred; "the day is breaking."

"Well, Sir, I am ready," said Malachi, coming out with his deer-skin jacket in one hand and his rifle in the other.

They walked to the maize-field on the other side of the river, and found that the trap had

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been successful, for a large bear lay dead at the foot of the snake-fence.

"Yes, Sir, I've got him," said Malachi.

"But what was the trap?" said Henry.

"You see, Sir, I tracked the brute over the rails by his broad-foot mark, and as I knew he would come the same way, I fixed the rifle with a wire to the trigger, so that as he climbed up he must touch the wire with his fore-paws, and the muzzle, pointed a little downwards, would then about reach his heart when the gun went off. You see, Sir, it has happened just as I wished it, and there's another good skin for Montreal."

"It is a she-bear," said Martin, who had joined them, "and she has cubs; they can't be far off."

"That's true," replied Malachi; "so now you had better all go back again. Martin and I will hide, and I'll answer for it in an hour we will bring the cubs home with us."

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The rest of the party returned to the house. The Strawberry had already made known to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell the cause of the report. About an hour before breakfast, Malachi and Martin came in, each with a cub of a few weeks old. The little animals had come in the track of the mother in search of her, and were pawing the dead body, as if trying to awaken her, when Malachi and Martin secured them.

"What a charming pet," said Emma; "I will rear it for myself."

"And I'll have the other," said John.

No objection was raised to this, except that Mr. Campbell observed, that if they became troublesome as they grew up, they must be parted with, which was agreed to. Emma and John took possession of their pets, and fed them with milk, and in a few days they became very tame; one being chained up near the house, and the other at Malachi's lodge.

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They soon grew very playful and very amusing little animals, and the dogs became used to them, and never attempted to hurt them; indeed, very often Oscar and the bear would be seen rolling about together, the best friends in the world. But in a few months they became too large for pets, and too troublesome, so one was despatched by a *bateau* going to Montreal, as a present to Mr. Emmerson, and the other was taken to the fort by Captain Sinclair, and became a great favourite of the soldiers.

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## CHAPTER XV

CAPTAIN SINCLAIR was now very constantly at the house, for in the summer time the Commandant allowed much more liberty to the officers. Although the detention of the Young Otter and the cause of his being detained had been made known to the Angry Snake, weeks passed away, and yet there appeared no intention on the part of the chief to redeem his young warrior by producing Percival. Every day an overture on his part was expected, but none came, and those who were in the secret were in a continual state of suspense and anxiety. One thing

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had been ascertained, which was, that the Indian fired at by John had been killed, and this occasioned much fear on the part of Malachi and Martin, that the Angry Snake would revenge the death upon young Percival. This knowledge of the Indian feeling, however, they kept to themselves.

Towards the close of the summer they had an arrival of letters and newspapers, both from England and Montreal. There was nothing peculiarly interesting in the intelligence from England, although the newspapers were, as usual, read with great avidity. One paragraph met the eye of Henry, which he immediately communicated, observing at the time that they always obtained news of Mr. Douglas Campbell on every fresh arrival. The paragraph was as follows:—"The Oxley hounds had a splendid run on Friday last;" after describing the country they passed through, the paragraph ended with, "We regret to say that Mr.

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Douglas Campbell, of Wexton Hall, received a heavy fall from his horse, in clearing a wide brook. He is, however, we understand, doing well." The letters from Montreal, were, however, important. They communicated the immediate departure from that city of four families of emigrants, who had accepted the terms offered by Mr. Emmerson, and were coming to settle upon Mr. Campbell's property. They also stated that the purchase of the other six hundred acres of contiguous land had been completed, and sent the government receipts for the purchase-money.

The news contained in this letter induced Mr. Campbell to send a message to the Commandant of the fort, by Captain Sinclair, acquainting him with the expected arrival of the emigrant families, and requesting to know whether he would allow a party of soldiers to assist in raising the cottages necessary for their reception, and begging the loan of two or three

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tents to accommodate them upon their arrival, until their cottages should be built. The reply of the Commandant was favourable, and now all was bustle and activity, that, if possible, the buildings might be in forwardness previous to harvest time, when they would all have ample occupation. Indeed, as the hay harvest was just coming on, without assistance from the fort they never could have got through the work previous to the winter setting in, and it would have been very inconvenient to have had to receive any of the emigrants into their own house.

The sites of the four cottages, or log huts, were soon selected; they were each of them nearly half a mile from Mr. Campbell's house, and while some of the party, assisted by a portion of the soldiers, were getting in the hay, the others, with another portion, were cutting down the trees, and building up the cottages. In a fortnight after they had commenced, the

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emigrants arrived, and were housed in the tents prepared for them; and as their labour was now added to that of the others, in a short time every thing was well in advance. The agreement made by Mr. Campbell was, that the emigrants should each receive fifty acres of land, after they had cleared for him a similar quantity; but there were many other conditions, relative to food and supply of stock to the emigrant families, which are not worth the while to dwell upon. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Campbell, with his former purchases, retained about 600 acres, which he considered quite sufficient for his farm, which was all in a ring fence, and with the advantage of bordering on the lake. The fire had cleared a great deal of the new land, so that it required little trouble for his own people to get it into a fit state for the first crop.

While the emigrants and soldiers were hard at work, the Colonel paid a visit to Mr.

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Campbell, to settle his account with him, and handed over a bill upon government for the planks, flour, &c., supplied to the fort.

"I assure you, Mr. Campbell, I have great pleasure," said the Colonel, "in giving you every assistance, and I render it the more readily as I am authorized by the Governor so to do. Your arrival and settling here has proved very advantageous; for, your supplying the fort has saved the government a great deal of money, at the same time that it has been profitable to you, and enabled you to get rid of your crops without sending them down so far as Montreal; which would have been as serious an expense to you, as getting the provisions from Montreal has proved to us. You may keep the fatigue party of soldiers upon the same terms as before, as long as they may prove useful to you, provided they return to the fort by the coming of winter."

"Then I will, if you please, retain them for

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getting in the harvest; we have so much to do that I shall be most happy to pay for their assistance."

I have said that there were four families of emigrants, and now I will let my readers know a little more about them.

The first family was a man and his wife of the name of Harvey; they had two sons of fourteen and fifteen, and a daughter of eighteen years of age. This man had been a small farmer, and by his industry was gaining an honest livelihood, and putting by some money, when his eldest son, who was at the time about twenty years old, fell into bad company, and was always to be seen at the alehouses or at the fairs, losing his time and losing his money. The father, whose ancestors had resided for many generations on the same spot, and had always been, as long as they could trace back, small farmers like himself, and who was proud of only one thing, which was that his family had



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been noted for honesty and upright dealing, did all he could to reclaim him, but in vain. At last the son was guilty of a burglary, tried, convicted, and transported for life. The disgrace had such an effect upon the father, that he never held up his head afterwards; he was ashamed to be seen in the parish, and at last he resolved to emigrate to a new country, where what had happened would not be known.

He accordingly sold off every thing, and came to Canada; but by the time that he had arrived in the country, and paid all his expenses, he had little money left, and when he heard from Mr. Emmerson the terms offered by Mr. Campbell, he gladly accepted them. The wife, his two sons and his daughter, who came with him, were as industrious and respectable as himself.

The second family, of the name of Graves, consisted of a man and his wife, and only one son, a young man grown up; but the wife's

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two sisters were with them. He had come from Buckinghamshire, and had been accustomed to a dairy farm.

The third family was a very numerous one, with a man and his wife, of the name of Jackson; they had been farmers and market-gardeners near London, and had brought out some money with them: but, as I have mentioned, they had a very large family, most of them too young to be very useful for a few years. They had seven children: a girl of eighteen, two boys of twelve and thirteen, then three little girls, and a boy an infant. Jackson had money enough to purchase a farm, but being a very prudent man, and reflecting that he might not succeed at first, and that his large family would run away with all his means, he decided upon accepting the terms proposed by Mr. Campbell.

The fourth and last of the emigrant families was a young couple of the name of Meredith. The husband was the son of a farmer in Shrop-



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shire, who had died, and divided his property between his three sons: two of them remained upon the farm and paid the youngest brother his proportion in money, who, being of a speculative turn, resolved to come to Canada, and try his fortune. He married just before he came out, and was not as yet encumbered with any family; he was a fine young man, well educated, and his wife a very clever, pretty young woman.

Thus there was an addition of twenty-one souls to the population of Mr. Campbell's settlement, which with their own ten made a total of thirty-one people, out of whom they reckoned that thirteen were capable of bearing arms, and defending them from any attack of the Indians.

Before harvest time, the cottages were all built, and the emigrants were busy felling round their new habitations, to lay up fire-wood for the winter, and clearing away a spot for a garden, and for planting potatoes in the following

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spring. The harvest being ripe again, gave them all full employment; the corn was got in with great expedition by the united labour of the soldiers and emigrants, when the former, having completed their work, returned to the fort, and the Campbells, with the addition to their colony, were now left alone. Visiting the emigrants in their own cottages, and making acquaintance with the children, was now a great source of amusement to the Miss Percivals. Various plans were started relative to establishing a Sunday-school and many other useful arrangements; one, however, took place immediately, which was, that divine service was performed by Mr. Campbell in his own house, and was attended by all the emigrants every Sunday. Mr. Campbell had every reason to be pleased with their conduct up to the present time; they all appeared willing, never murmured or complained at any task allotted to them, and were satisfied with Mr. Camp-

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bell's arrangements relative to supplies. Parties were now again formed for the chase; Meredith and young Graves proved to be good woodsmen and capital shots with the rifle, so that now they had enough to send out a party on alternate days, while one or two of the others fished all the day and salted down as fast as they caught, that there might be a full supply for the winter.

But although Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and the Miss Percivals, as well as the major part of the family were fully satisfied and happy in their future prospects, there were four who were in a state of great anxiety and suspense. These were Alfred, Malachi, Martin, and the Strawberry, who, being acquainted with the existence of young Percival, found their secret a source of great annoyance, now that, notwithstanding the capture and detention of the Young Otter, no advance appeared to be made for his exchange, nor any signs of an over-

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ture on the part of the Angry Snake. Captain Sinclair, who was usually at the farm twice during the week, was also much fretted at finding that every time Malachi and Alfred had no more information to give him, than he had to impart to them. They hardly knew how to act; to let a second winter pass away without attempting to recover the boy, appeared to them to be delaying too long, and yet to communicate intelligence which might only end in bitter disappointment, seemed unadvisable; for the Indian chief, out of revenge, might have killed the boy, and then the grief of the father and mother would be more intense than before. It would be opening a wound to no purpose. This question was frequently canvassed by Alfred and Captain Sinclair, but an end was put to all their debates on the subject by an unexpected occurrence. Mary Percival had one morning gone down to a place called the Cedar Swamp, about half a

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mile from the house to the westward, near to the shore of the lake, to pick cranberries for preserving. One of the little emigrant girls, Martha Jackson, was with her; when one basket was full, Mary sent it home by the little girl, with directions to come back immediately. The girl did so, but on her return to the Cedar Swamp, Mary Percival was not to be seen. The basket which she had retained with her was lying with all the cranberries upset out of it on a hill by the side of the swamp. The little girl remained for a quarter of an hour, calling out Miss Percival's name, but not receiving any answer, she became frightened, imagining that some wild beast had attacked her; and she ran back as fast as she could to the house, acquainting Mr. and Mrs. Campbell with what had happened. Martin and Alfred were at the mill; Malachi, fortunately, was at his own lodge, and Strawberry ran for him, told him what the girl had reported, and having done

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so, she looked at Malachi, and said "Angry Snake."

"Yes, Strawberry, that is the case, I have no doubt," replied Malachi; "but not a word at present; I knew he would be at something, but I did not think that he dared do that either; however, we shall see. Go back to the house, and tell Master and Missis that I have gone down to the Cedar Swamp, and will return as soon as possible, and do you follow me as fast as you can, for your eyes are younger than mine, and I shall want the use of them: tell them not to send any body else, it will do harm instead of good, for they will trample the ground, and we may lose the track."

Malachi caught up his rifle, examined the priming, and set off in the direction of the swamp, while the Strawberry returned to the house to give his message to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. Leaving Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who were in a state of great alarm, and had sent

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the little girl, Martha Jackson, to summon Alfred and Martin (for John and Henry were out in the woods after the cattle), the Strawberry went down to the Cedar Swamp to join Malachi, whom she found standing still, leaning on his rifle, near the basket which had contained the cranberries.

"Now, Strawberry, we must find out how many of them there were, and which way they have gone," said Malachi, in the Indian tongue.

"Here," said Strawberry, pointing to a mark on the short grass, which never could have attracted the observation of one unused to an Indian life.

"I see, child; I see that and two more, but we cannot tell much as yet; let us follow up the trail till we come to some spot where we may read the print better. That's her foot," continued Malachi, after they had proceeded two or three yards. "The sole of a

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shoe cuts the grass sharper than a mocassin. We have no easy task just now, and if the others come, they may prevent us from finding the track altogether."

"Here, again," said Strawberry, stooping close to the short dry grass.

"Yes; you're right, child," replied Malachi. "Let us once follow it to the bottom of this hill, and then we shall do better."

By the closest inspection and minutest search, Malachi and the Strawberry continued to follow the almost imperceptible track till they arrived at the bottom of the hill, about a hundred yards from where they started. It had become more difficult, as the print of Mary's foot, which was more easily perceptible than the others, had served them for a few yards; after which it was no more to be distinguished, and it was evident that she had been lifted up from the ground. This satisfied them that she had been carried off. When

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they arrived at the bottom of the hill, they could clearly distinguish the print marks of mocassins, and by measuring very exactly the breadth and length of the impressions, made out that they were of two different people. These they continued to follow till they arrived at the forest, about a quarter of a mile from the swamp, when they heard the hallooing of Alfred and Martin, to which Malachi answered, and they soon joined him.

"What is it, Malachi?"

"She has been carried off, Sir, I've no doubt," replied Malachi, "by the Snake. The rascal is determined to have the vantage of us. We have one prisoner, and he has made two."

Malachi then explained why he was certain that she had been carried away, and Martin agreed with him immediately. Alfred then said—"Well, but now, before we act, let us consult what is best to be done."

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"Well, Sir," replied Malachi, "the best to do now, at this moment, is for the Strawberry and me to follow the trail, and try if we cannot obtain more information, and when we have got all we can, we must form a party, and go in pursuit. Let us only get fairly on the trail, and we will not lose it, especially if the Strawberry is with us, for she has a better eye than any Indian I ever knew, be it man or woman."

"Well, that is all right, Malachi; but what shall I do now while you are following up the trail?"

"Well, Sir, you must prepare the party, and get them all ready for a start; for we must be off in three hours, if possible."

"Captain Sinclair had better come with us. He will be quite frantic if he does not," said Alfred.

"Well, then, perhaps he had, Sir," replied Malachi, coldly; "but I'd rather he were

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away. He won't be so cool and calm as he ought to be."

"Never fear; but I must now go to my father and mother, and tell the whole of the circumstances which have occurred. I must tell them that Percival is alive."

"Why so, Sir?" replied Malachi. "It will only fret them more. It's quite sufficient that they should have to lament Miss Percival being carried off, without their knowing what fresh cause for anxiety there is about the boy. I would only say that Miss Mary has been carried off by somebody, and leave out all about our having captured the Young Otter, and why we took him."

"Well, perhaps it will be better," said Alfred; "then I'll leave Martin here, and ride off to the fort to Captain Sinclair. Shall I ask for any soldiers?"

"Yes, Sir; if there are any good backwoodsmen among them, we may find a couple of

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them of service. We ought to have a larger force than the Indian; and the latter, if you recollect, is stated at six with the chief. Now, there are you, Martin, and I, that's three; Captain Sinclair and two soldiers would be six; young Graves and Meredith make eight. That's sufficient, Sir; more than sufficient does harm. Mr. Henry must stay, and so must Mr. John, because he will not be home before we are away. I'm sorry for that, as I should have liked him to be with me."

"It can't be helped," replied Alfred. "Well then, Martin and I will go back at once; in two hours I will return with Captain Sinclair, if I possibly can."

"As quick as you please, Sir, and Martin will get every thing ready for the journey, for we must not fire our rifles, if we can help it."

Alfred hastened away, and was soon followed by Martin, to whom Malachi had given some

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directions. Malachi and the Strawberry then continued to follow the trail, which they traced through the thickest of the wood for more than an hour, when they came upon a spot where a fire had been lighted, and the ground trodden down, evidently shewing that the parties had been living there some time.

"Here was the nest of the whole gang," resumed Malachi, as he looked round.

The Strawberry, who had been examining the ground, said—

"Here is her foot again."

"Yes, yes; it's clear enough that two of them have carried her off and brought her here to where the others were waiting for them, and from here the whole party have made their start. Now we have the new trail to find, and that they have taken every care to prevent us, I do not doubt."

The Strawberry now pointed to a mark near

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where the fire had been lighted, and said, "The mocassin of a squaw."

"Right, then she is with them, so much the better," replied Malachi, "for, as she sent me that letter, she may serve us still, if she chooses."



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## CHAPTER XVI.

Previous to his starting for the fort, Alfred had a hasty communication with his father and mother, in which he informed them simply that it was evident that Mary had been carried off, and that it was the opinion of Malachi and Martin, that the Angry Snake was the party to be suspected.

"But what cause could he have?" said Emma, weeping.

"Merely to get powder and shot as a reward for bringing her back again," replied Alfred; "so there is not any thing to fear as to her being ill-treated; but if he has any other

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reason for what he has done, it is well known that an Indian always respects a female. But here comes my horse."

"But what are you going to do, Alfred?" said Mrs. Campbell, who was in a state of great agitation.

"Ride to the fort for assistance, bring Captain Sinclair, and go in pursuit as fast as we can, mother. Martin will get all ready by my return, Malachi is following up the trail with Strawberry. But there is no time to be lost; I shall soon be back."

Alfred then sprang upon his horse which Martin had brought to the door, and galloped away to the fort.

As it may be supposed, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and Emma were in great distress; this did not, however, prevent them from listening to Martin, and supplying him with all that he requested, which was salt pork and other food for their journey, powder and shot for their



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rifles, &c. Having specified all that was wanted, Martin then went off to summon young Graves and Meredith; they were soon found, and when they heard the intelligence, were ready in a minute for departure. Their rifles and an extra pair of mocassins each was all that they required for the journey, and in a few minutes they accompanied Martin to the house. After they had been occupied for a little time in dividing the various articles into different packages, that each might carry his proportion, Mr. Campbell said—

"Martin, supposing that you and Malachi are correct in your supposition, where do you think that they will take my poor niece?"

"Right away to their own wigwams, Sir," replied Martin.

"Have you any idea how far that may be?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, Ma'am, I have heard that the Angry

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Snake's quarters are about twelve days' journey from this."

"Twelve days' journey! how far is a journey?"

"As far as a stout man can walk in a day, Ma'am."

"And will my niece have to walk all that way?"

"Why, yes, Ma'am; I don't see how it can be otherwise; I don't know of the Indians having any horses, although they may have."

"But she cannot walk as far as a man," replied Mrs. Campbell.

"No, Ma'am, and so I suppose they will be twenty days going instead of twelve."

"Will they ill treat or ill use her, Martin?" said Emma.

"No, Ma'am, I shouldn't think they would, although they will make her walk, and will tie her at night when they stop."

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"Poor Mary; what will she suffer?" exclaimed Emma; "and if you do come up with them, Martin, will they give her up to you?"

"We shan't ask their leave, Miss," replied Martin; "we shall take her."

"But not without bloodshed, Martin," said Mrs. Campbell."

"No, Ma'am, certainly not without bloodshed, for either the Indians must destroy us or we them; if we conquer, not an Indian will be left alive, and if they master us, it will be about the same thing I suppose."

"Heaven protect us, but this is dreadful; I was prepared for difficulties and annoyances when I came out here," exclaimed Mrs. Campbell; "but not for such trials as these."

"Never fear but we'll bring her back, Ma'am," said Martin; "Malachi is a better Indian than them all, and he'll circumvent them."

"How do you mean?"

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"I mean, Ma'am, that we will, if possible, fall upon them unawares, and then we'll have the advantage, for half of them will be killed before they know that they are attacked; we'll fight them Indian fashion, Ma'am."

Mrs. Campbell continued her interrogations till Alfred was seen at the end of the prairie returning at full speed, accompanied by Captain Sinclair and two other men, also on horseback

"Here they come," said Martin; "and they have lost no time, that's certain."

"Poor Captain Sinclair! what must be his feelings, I pity him," said Mrs. Campbell.

"He must take it coolly nevertheless," observed Martin; "or he may do more harm than good."

Alfred and Captain Sinclair now dismounted; they had brought with them two of the soldiers who were well used to the woods, and excellent shots with the rifle. A hurried conversation

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of a few minutes took place, but time was too precious, and Alfred, embracing his father and mother, who as they shook hands with Captain Sinclair, expressed in a melancholy way their hopes for their success, the party of seven which had been collected set off to rejoin Malachi and the Strawberry.

Malachi and Strawberry had not been idle; the latter had run back to their lodge and procured a bow and arrows, and since that they had tracked the footmarks through the forest for more than a mile, when they had come to a small rivulet which ran through the forest. Here the trail was lost, at least it was not to be perceived any where on the opposite side of the rivulet, and it was to be presumed that to conceal their trail the Indians had walked in the water, either up or down, for a certain distance before they put their feet on the other side; but as it was near the time that they might expect the arrival of Alfred and the

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others, Malachi had returned to the spot where Alfred and Martin had left them, leaving the Strawberry to walk down and up the side of the rivulet to recover the trail. As soon as the party joined him, they and Malachi set off to where the trail had been lost, and the latter had left the Strawberry.

There they waited some time as the Strawberry was not in sight, and they took this opportunity of distributing the provisions and ammunition among them. Captain Sinclair, although his feelings may well be imagined, was very active in arrangements, and shewed that if his heart was smitten, his head was clear. The order of the march was settled by Malachi and him, and as soon as all was arranged, they waited impatiently for the return of the Indian girl; she came at last, and informed them that she had recovered the trail about three miles up the course of the stream, and they all started immediately. As was agreed,

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they kept perfect silence, and followed the newly-discovered trail for about a mile, when on their arrival at a clear spot in the woods, where the grass was very short and dry, they were again at fault. They went over to the other side of this heath, to see if they could again fall in with it, but after half an hour's search, could not discover it, when they were summoned by a low whistle from the Strawberry, who had returned to the spot where the trail had been lost.

"They have turned back again," said the Strawberry, pointing to the former footmarks; "see the track of the mocassins is both ways."

"That's true," said Malachi, after a close examination; "now then, Strawberry, to find out where they have left the old trail again. I told you, Sir," continued Malachi to Alfred, "that the Strawberry would be useful; she has the eye of a falcon."

It was not till another half hour had elapsed

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that the spot where they had left the trail, which, to deceive those who might pursue them, the Indians had returned upon, was discovered, and then they started again, and proceeded with caution, led by the Strawberry, until she stopped and spoke to Malachi in the Indian tongue, pointing at a small twig broken upon one of the bushes.

"That's true, let us see if it happens again."

In a few moments the Strawberry pointed out another.

"Then all's right," said Malachi, "I said that she could help us again if she chose, and so she has. The Indian woman who wrote the letter," continued Malachi, turning to Captain Sinclair and Alfred, "is our friend still. See, Sir, she has, wherever she has dared to do it without being seen by the Indians, broken down a small twig, as a guide to us. Now, if she has continued to do this, we shall not have much trouble."

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They continued their course through the woods until the sun went down, and they could see no longer, having made a journey of about nine miles from the settlement. They then laid down for the night under a large tree; the weather was very warm, and they did not light a fire, as they had some cooked provisions.

The next morning, as soon as it was daylight, they made a hasty meal, and resumed their task. The trail was now pretty clear, and was occasionally verified by the breaking of a twig, as before. This day they made sixteen miles' journey, and at the close of it they arrived at the borders of a lake about ten miles long, and from one-and-a-half to two wide; the trail went right on to the shore of the lake, and then disappeared.

"Here they must have taken to the water," said Alfred; "but what means have they had to cross?"

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"That we must discover, somehow or another, Sir," replied Malachi, "or else we shall not find the trail again; perhaps, however, we shall see to-morrow morning; it is too dark now to attempt to find out, and we may do more harm than good by tracking down the bank. We must bring to for the night. There is a high rock there on the beach farther up, we had better go there, as we can light a fire behind the rock without being discovered by it, supposing the Indians are on the opposite shore; and to-night we must cook all our provisions if we possibly can, for, depend upon it, we have travelled faster to-day than they can have done with the young lady, and if we can once get well on the trail again, we shall soon be up with them."

"God grant that we may!" exclaimed Captain Sinclair; "the idea of what poor Mary must suffer, almost drives me mad."

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"Yes, Sir, she will be terribly foot-sore, I have no doubt," replied Malachi, "but the Indians will not treat her ill, depend upon it."

Captain Sinclair sighed, but made no reply.

As soon as they arrived at the mass of rock which Malachi had pointed out, they all commenced collecting fire-wood, and the Strawberry in a few minutes had a sufficient fire for their purpose. They had not any cooking utensils with them, but the pork was cut in slices, and stuck upon the ends of small sticks round the fire, until it was sufficiently cooked, and then it was packed up again in parcels, with the exception of what was retained for their supper. They had finished their meal, and were sitting round the embers of the fire, conversing, and calculating the probabilities as to their overtaking the Indians, when Martin sprang up, with his rifle ready to bring to his shoulder.

"What is it?" said Alfred in a low tone, as

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Martin held up his finger as a sign for silence.

"There's somebody coming this way—he is behind that large tree," said Martin; "I see his head now, but it is too dark to make out who it may be."

As Martin said this, a low and singular sort of whistle between the teeth was heard, upon which the Strawberry gently put down Martin's rifle with her hand, saying,

"It is John."

"John; impossible," said Alfred.

"It is," replied Strawberry. "I know well that whistle. I go to fetch him. Have no fear."

Strawberry stepped out from the group, and went up to the tree, calling John softly by name, and in a few seconds afterwards returned, leading John by the hand, who, without saying a word, quietly seated himself down by the fire.

"Well, John, how did you come here?" exclaimed Alfred.

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"Followed trail," replied John.

"But how—when did you leave home?"

"Yesterday," replied John, "when I came back."

"But do your father and mother know that you have come," said Captain Sinclair.

"I met old Graves, and told him," replied John. "Have you any meat?"

"The boy has had nothing since he left, I'll answer for it," said Martin, as the Strawberry handed some of the pork to John, "have you, John?"

"No," replied John, with his mouth full.

"Let him eat," said Malachi, "it's long for a lad to be two days without food, for I'll answer he left as soon as he heard we were gone, and did not wait for yesterday's supper. Indeed, he must have done so, for he must have followed the trail some time yesterday to be up with us to-night, so let him eat in quiet."

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"What surprises me, Malachi, is how he could have found his way to us."

"Well, Sir, I do confess that I'm as much surprised almost as I am pleased," replied Malachi. "It is really a great feat for a lad to accomplish all by himself, and I am proud of him for having done it; but from the first I saw what a capital woodsman he would make, and he has not disappointed me."

"There are not many who would have been able to do it, that's certain," said Martin; "I wonder as much as you do, Mr. Alfred, how he could have done it—but he has the gift."

"But suppose he had not come up with us, how would he have lived in these woods? It's a mercy that he has fallen in with us," said Captain Sinclair.

John slapped the barrel of his rifle, which was lying by him, and which Captain Sinclair had not perceived.

"You don't think that John would come



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into the woods without his rifle, Sir, do you?" said Malachi.

"I did not perceive that he had it with him," said Captain Sinclair, "but I certainly ought to have known John better."

John having finished his supper, they all lay down to rest, one keeping watch that they might not be surprised.

At daylight, they made their breakfast, and then went down again to the borders of the lake, where the trail had been lost. After a long examination, Malachi called the Strawberry, and pointing to the edge of the water, asked her to look there. The Strawberry did so, and at last decided that there was the mark of the bottom of a canoe which had been grounded.

"Yes, I thought so," said Malachi. "They have had their canoe all ready, and have crossed the water; now, we must walk quite round the lake to discover the trail again,

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and that will give them half a day's start of us."

They immediately set off coasting the shores of the lake, until they arrived at the other side, carefully examining the ground as they went. This took them till noon, by which time they had arrived at that part of the lake which was opposite to the large rock behind which they had kindled their fire the night before; but no traces were to be perceived.

"They have not crossed over in a straight line," said Captain Sinclair, "that is evident; we must now try more to the northward."

This they did; and at last discovered that the canoe had crossed over to the north point of the lake, having coasted along the eastern shore the whole way. The spot of landing was very evident, and for some distance they could trace where the canoe had been hauled up. It was now late in the afternoon, and it



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became a question whether they should follow the trail, or discover the place of concealment of the canoe, as it might be advantageous to know where it was when they returned. It was decided that they should first discover the canoe, and this was not done till after a search of two hours, when they found it concealed in the bushes about one mile from the lake. They then followed the trail about two miles; the twigs had been bent and broken, as before, which was a great help to them, but the night was now closing in. Having arrived at a clear knoll, they took up their quarters under the trees, and retired to rest. At daybreak they again started; and, after two hours' walk, had to track across a small prairie, which gave them some trouble, but they succeeded in finding the trail on their arrival at the wood on the opposite side, and then they made a very rapid progress, for the twigs were now more frequently broken

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and bent than before. During this day, with the bow and arrows brought by the Strawberry, Martin had procured them two wild turkeys, which were very acceptable, as their provisions would not last more than seven or eight days longer, and it was impossible to say how far they would have to travel. It was not far from dark when the quick ears of the Strawberry were attracted by a noise like that of a person breathing heavily. She at last pointed with her finger to a bush; they advanced cautiously, and on the other side of it they found an Indian woman lying on the ground bleeding profusely. They raised her up, and discovered that it was the Indian whom they had cured of the sprained ankle, and who, they presumed, had been then discovered breaking the twigs that they might follow the trail, for on examination, they found that she had received a heavy blow on the

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head with a tomahawk; but, fortunately, it had glanced sideways, and not entered into the brain. She was not sensible, however, at the time that they discovered her, for she had lost a great deal of blood. They stopped the effusion of blood with bandages torn from their linen, and poured some water down her throat; it was now dark, and it was not possible to proceed any farther that night. The Strawberry went into the woods and collected some herbs, with which she dressed the wound, and, having made the poor Indian as comfortable as they could, they again lay down to rest; but not until Malachi had said to Alfred—

"There is no doubt, Sir, but that the Indians have discovered this woman was marking the trail for us, and that they have tomahawked her for so doing, and have left her for dead. I think myself that

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the wound, although it is a very ugly one, is not dangerous, and so says the Strawberry. However, to-morrow will decide the point; if she is not sensible then, it will be of no use waiting, but we must go on as fast as we can."

When they awoke the next morning they found the Strawberry sitting by the Indian woman, who was now quite sensible and collected, although very weak and exhausted. Malachi and Martin went to her, and had a long conversation with her at intervals. Malachi had been right in his supposition; the Angry Snake had discovered her in the act of bending a twig, and had struck her down with his tomahawk. They gained from her the following information. The Angry Snake, irritated at the detention of the Young Otter, had resolved to have another hostage in lieu of him, and had carried off Mary Percival. He had six Indians with him,

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which were the whole of his grown up warriors. They were now but one day's journey ahead of them, as Miss Percival was very sore on her feet, and they could not get her along, but that in every other respect she had been well treated. That the Indians were not going to their lodges in a direct course, but by a circuitous route, which would make a difference of at least six or seven days; and that they did this that they might not be seen by some other tribes who were located in their direct route, and who might give information. She said that it was she who had written the Indian letter which Malachi had received the autumn before, and that she had done it because she had been so kindly treated by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, when she had been found in the forest with her ankle sprained. That Percival was at the Indian lodges quite well when they left, and that if the Angry Snake did not receive a large quantity of powder and shot and

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a great many rifles in exchange for him, it was his intention to adopt the boy, as he was very partial to him. On being asked if the boy was happy, she replied that he was not at first, but now he was almost an Indian; that he was seldom permitted to leave the lodges, and never unless accompanied by the Angry Snake. In answer to their questions as to the direction and distance to the lodges, she said that they were about seven days' journey by the straight road; but that the party with Miss Percival would not arrive there in less than fifteen days, if so soon, as she was every day less able to travel. Having obtained all this information, a council was held, and Malachi spoke first, having been requested so to do.

"My opinion is this," said Malachi, "that we can do no better than remain here at present, and wait till the woman is sufficiently recovered to travel and shew us the direct road to the lodges. In two or three

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days she will probably be well enough to go with us, and then we will take the direct road, and be there before them. The knowledge of the place and the paths will enable us to lay an ambush for them and to rescue the young lady without much danger to ourselves. They will have no idea of falling in with us, for they of course imagine the woman is dead; a tomahawk seldom fails."

After a long parley, the advice of Malachi was considered the most judicious, and a further conversation with the Indian woman confirmed them in the resolution. As they had no fear of the Indians discovering that they were on their trail, Martin and Alfred went out in pursuit of game for provisions, while the others raised up a large hut with branches of trees, for the accommodation of the whole party. In the evening Martin and Alfred returned, carrying a fine buck between them. The fire was lighted, and very soon all were

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busy cooking and eating. The Indian woman also begged for something to eat, and her recovery was now no longer considered doubtful.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

It was a great annoyance to Captain Sinclair to have to wait in this manner, but there was no help for it. He was satisfied that it was the most prudent course, and therefore raised no objection. Alfred too was uneasy at the delay, as he was aware how anxious his father and mother would be during the whole time of their absence. They were glad, however, to find that the Indian woman recovered rapidly, and on the fifth day of their taking up their abode in the forest, she said that she was able to travel if they walked slow. It was therefore agreed that on the sixth day they

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should start again, and they did so, having saved their salt provisions, that they might not be compelled to stop, or use their rifles to procure food. The evening before, they roasted as much venison as they thought they could consume while it was good, and at daylight again proceeded, not to follow the trail, but guided by the Indian woman, in a direct course for the lodges of the Indian band under the Angry Snake.

As they had now only to proceed as fast as they could without tiring the poor Indian woman, whose head was bound up, and who was still weak from loss of blood, they made a tolerable day's journey, and halted as before. Thus they continued their route till the sixth day, when as they drew up for the night, the Indian stated that they were only three or four miles from the Indians' lodges, which they sought. Thereupon a council was held as to how they should pro-

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ceed, and at last it was agreed upon that they should be guided by the Indian woman to a spot where they might be concealed, as near as possible to the lodges, and that when the party had arrived there, that the woman and Malachi should go and reconnoitre, to ascertain whether the chief and his band with Mary Percival had returned or not. The night was passed very impatiently, and without sleep by most of them, so anxious were they for the morrow. Long before break of day they again started, advancing with great caution, and were led by the Indian till they were within one hundred and fifty yards of the lodges, in a thick cluster of young spruce, which completely secured them from discovery. Shortly afterwards Malachi and the Indian woman, creeping on all fours, disappeared in the surrounding brushwood, that they might, if possible, gain more intelligence from listening. In the meantime, the party had their eyes on the lodges,

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waiting to see who should come out as soon as the sun rose, for it was hardly clear daybreak when they arrived at their place of concealment.

They had remained there about half an hour, when they perceived an Indian lad come out of one of the lodges. He was dressed in leggings and Indian shirt of deer skin, and carried in his hand his bow and arrows. An eagle's feather was stuck in his hair above the left ear, which marked him as the son of a chief.

"That's my brother Percival," said John in a low tone.

"Percival!" replied Alfred, "is it possible?"

"Yes," whispered the Strawberry, "it is Percival, but don't speak so loud."

"Well, they have turned him into a regular Indian," said Alfred; "we shall have to make a pale-face of him again."

Percival, for him it was, looked round for some time, and at last perceiving a crow

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flying over his head, he drew his bow, and the arrow brought the bird down at his feet.

"A capital shot," said Captain Sinclair, "the boy has learnt something at all events. You could not do that, John."

"No," replied John, "but they don't trust him with a rifle."

They waited some little time longer, when an Indian woman, and then an old man, came out, and in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, three more women and an Indian about twenty years old.

"I think we have the whole force now," said Martin.

"Yes, I think so too," replied Captain Sinclair, "I wish Malachi would come back, for I do not think he will find out more than we know ourselves."

In about half an hour afterwards, Malachi and the Indian woman returned; they had crept in the brushwood to within fifty

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yards of the lodges, but were afraid to go nearer, as the woman said that perhaps the dogs might give the alarm; for two of them were left at home. The woman stated her conviction that the party had not come back, and now a council was again held as to their proceedings. The Indian force was nothing—an old man, one lad of twenty, and four women. These might be easily captured and secured, but the question was whether it would be desirable so to do, as in case one should by any means escape, information of their arrival might be conveyed to the absent party, and induce them not to come home with Mary Percival. This question was debated in a low tone between Malachi, Captain Sinclair, and Alfred. At last John interrupted them by saying, "They are going out to hunt, the old and the young Indian and Percival—they have all their bows and arrows."

"The boy is right," said Malachi. "Well,



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I consider this to decide the question. We can now capture the men without the women knowing any thing about it. They will not expect them home till the evening, and even if they do not come, they will not be surprised or alarmed; so now we had better let them go some way, and then follow them. If we secure them, we can then decide what to do about the women."

This was agreed upon, and Malachi explained their intentions to the Indian woman, who approved of them, but said, "The Old Raven (referring to the old Indian) is very cunning; you must be careful."

The party remained in their place of concealment for another quarter of an hour, till the two Indians and Percival had quitted the open space before the lodges, and had entered the woods. They then followed in a parallel direction, Malachi and John going a-head: Martin and Alfred following so as to keep

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them in sight, and the remainder of the party at about the same distance behind Martin and Alfred. They continued in this manner their course through the woods for more than an hour, when a herd of deer darted past Malachi and John. They immediately stopped, and crouched, to hide themselves. Martin and Alfred perceiving this, followed their example, and the rest of the party behind, at the motion of the Strawberry, did the same. Hardly had they done so, when one of the herd, which had been pierced by an arrow, followed in the direction of the rest, and after a few bounds fell to the earth. A minute or two afterwards the hunters made their appearance, and stood by the expiring beast, where they remained for a minute or two talking, and then took out their knives to flay and cut it up. While they were thus employed, Malachi and John on one side, Alfred and Martin from another direction, and the rest of the party from a third, were creep-



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ing slowly up towards them; but to surround them completely it was necessary that the main party should divide, and send one or two more to the eastward. Captain Sinclair despatched Graves and one of the soldiers, desiring them to creep very softly till they arrived at a spot he pointed out, and then to wait for the signal to be given.

As the parties gradually approached nearer and nearer to the Indians and Percival, the Old Raven appeared to be uneasy, he looked round and round him, and once or twice laid his ear to the ground; whenever he did this, they all stopped, and almost held their breaths.

"The Indian woman says that the Old Raven is suspicious; he is sure that some one is in the woods near him, and she thinks that she had better go to him," said the Strawberry to Captain Sinclair.

"Let her go," said Captain Sinclair.

The Indian rose, and walked up in the di-

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rection of the Indians, who immediately turned to her as she approached. She spoke to them, and appeared to be telling them how it was that she returned. At all events, she occupied the attention of the Old Raven till the parties were close to them, when Malachi arose, and immediately all the others did the same, and rushed upon them. After a short and useless struggle, they were secured, but not before the younger Indian had wounded one of the soldiers, by stabbing him with his knife. The thongs were already fast round the arms and legs of the Indians, when Percival, who had not been tied, again attempted to escape, and, by the direction of Malachi, he was bound, as well as the other two.

As soon as the prisoners were secured, Martin and Graves and the soldiers employed themselves cutting up the venison and preparing it for dinner, while the Strawberry and the Indian woman were collecting wood for

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a fire. In the mean while Captain Sinclair, Alfred, Malachi, and John were seated by the prisoners, and directing their attention to Percival, whom they had been compelled to bind, that he might not make his escape; for his sojourn of nearly two years in the woods with the Indians, without seeing the face of a white man had (as has been invariably proved to be the fact in every instance where the parties were very young,) wholly obliterated, for the time, his recollections of his former life—so rapid is our falling off to the savage state. To the questions of Alfred he returned no reply, and appeared not to understand him.

"Let me try him, Sir," said Malachi, "I will speak to him in the Indian tongue, he has perhaps forgotten his own. It's wonderful how soon we return to a state of nature when we are once in the woods."

Malachi then spoke to Percival in the

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Indian language; Percival listened for some time, and at last replied in the same tongue.

"What does he say, Malachi?" said Alfred.

"He says he will sing his own death song; that he is the son of a warrior, and he will die like a brave."

"Why, the boy is metamorphosed," said Captain Sinclair; "is it possible that so short a time could have produced this?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Malachi; "in young people a very short time will change them thus, but it won't last long. If he were to meet again with his mother at the settlement, he would by degrees forget his Indian life and become reconciled; a woman has more effect than a man. Let the Strawberry speak to him. You see, Sir, he is bound, and considers himself a captive, and let him loose we must not, until we have done our work; after that,

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there will be no fear, and when he has been with us a short time, he will come all right again."

Malachi called the Strawberry, and told her to speak to Percival about his home and his mother, and every thing connected with the farm.

The Strawberry sat down by Percival, and in her soft tones talked to him in her own tongue of his father and mother, of his cousins, and how he had been taken by the Indians when he was hunting, how his mother had wept for him, and all had lamented his loss; running on in a low musical key from one thing to another connected and associated with his former life in the settlement, and it was evident that at last he now listened with attention. The Strawberry continued to talk to him thus, for more than hour, when Alfred again addressed him and said, "Percival, don't you know me?"

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"Yes," replied Percival in English, "I do; you are my brother Alfred."

"All's right now, Sir," said Malachi; "only he must be kept fast; but the lad's coming to his senses again. The Strawberry will talk to him again by-and-by."

They then sat down to their meal; the two Indians were removed to a distance under the guard of one of the soldiers, but Percival remained with them. John sat by Percival, and cutting off a tempting bit of venison, held it to his mouth, saying to him, "Percival, when we go home again, your hands shall be untied, and you shall have a rifle of your own instead of a bow and arrows; come, eat this."

This was a long speech for John, but it produced its effect, for Percival opened his mouth for the venison, and being fed by John, made a very good dinner. As soon as their meal was over, they consulted as to what steps should next be taken. The question discussed

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was whether they should now capture the women who were left in the lodges, or remain quiet till the Angry Snake and his party arrived?

Malachi's opinion was as follows:—

"I think we had at all events better wait till to-morrow, Sir; you see, the women will not be at all surprised at the hunting party not returning for even a day or two, as they know that they will not return without game, and may not find it immediately; their absence, therefore, will create no suspicion of our being here. I think we should return to our former place of concealment, and watch their motions. There is no saying when the party with Miss Percival may return, they may have arrived while we have been away, or they may come to-morrow. It will be better, therefore, not to encumber ourselves with more prisoners unless it is necessary."

This opinion was at last assented to, and

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they set off, on their return to the Indian lodges. They arrived about an hour before dusk at their hiding-place, having taken the precaution to gag the two Indians for fear of their giving a whoop as notice of their capture. Percival was very quiet, and had begun to talk a little with John.

Scarcely had they been five minutes again concealed among the spruce fir-trees, when they heard a distant whoop from the woods on the other side of the lodges.

"They are now coming on," said Martin; "that is their signal."

One of the Indian women from the lodges returned the whoop.

"Yes, Sir, they are coming," said Malachi. "Pray, Captain Sinclair, be quiet and sit down; you will ruin all our plans."

"Down, Sinclair, I beg," said Alfred.

Captain Sinclair, who was very much excited, nevertheless did as he was requested.

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"Oh, Alfred!" said he; "she's so near."

"Yes, my good fellow, but if you wish her nearer, you must be prudent."

"True, very true," replied Captain Sinclair.

In about half an hour more, the Angry Snake and his party were seen to emerge from the woods, and it was perceived that four of the Indians carried a litter made of branches between them.

"She could walk no farther, Sir," said Malachi to Captain Sinclair; "so they are carrying her; I told you that they would not hurt her."

"Let me once see her get out of the litter, and I shall be satisfied," replied Captain Sinclair.

The Indians soon were over the clearing, and stopped at one of the lodges; Mary Percival was lifted out, and was seen to walk with

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difficulty into the wigwam, followed by two of the Indian women.

A short parley took place between the Angry Snake and the other two women, and the chief and rest of the party then went into another lodge.

"All's right so far, Sir," observed Malachi; "they have left her to the charge of the two women in a lodge by herself, and so there will be no fear for her when we make the attack, which I think we must do very shortly, for if it is quite dark, some of them may escape, and may trouble us afterwards."

"Let us do it immediately," said Captain Sinclair.

"No, not immediately, Sir; we have yet an hour and a half daylight. We will wait one hour, for I think that as they have nothing to eat, and are pretty well tired from carrying Miss Percival, they will, in all probability, go

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to sleep, as Indians always do. An hour hence will be the best time for us to fall upon them."

"You are right, Malachi," replied Alfred. "Sinclair, you must curb your impatience."

"I must, I believe," replied Captain Sinclair; "but it will be a tedious hour for me. Let us pass it away in making our arrangements; we have but six to deal with."

"And only two rifles," replied Alfred; "so we are pretty sure of success."

"We must watch first," said Martin, "to see if they all continue in the same lodge, for if they divide, we must arrange accordingly. Who will remain with the prisoners?"

"I won't," said John, in a positive manner.

"You must, John, if it is decided that you do," said Alfred.

"Better not, Sir," replied Malachi; "for as soon as the boy hears the crack of the rifles, he will leave his prisoners, and join us; that I'm sure of. No, Sir, the Strawberry can

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be left with the prisoners. I'll give her my hunting-knife; that will be sufficient."

They remained for about half an hour more watching the lodges, but every thing appeared quiet, and not a single person came out. Having examined the priming of the rifles, every man was directed to take up a certain position, so as to surround the buildings and support each other. John was appointed to the office of looking after his cousin Mary, and preventing the women from escaping with her from the lodge in which she was confined; and John took this office willingly, as he considered it one of importance, although it had been given him more with a view that he might not be exposed to danger. Leaving the prisoners to the charge of the Strawberry, who, with her knife drawn, stood over them, ready to act upon the slightest attempt of escape on their part, the whole party now crept safely towards the lodges, by the same

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path as had been taken by Malachi and the Indian woman. As soon as they had all arrived, they waited for a few minutes, while Malachi reconnoitred, and when they perceived that he did so, they all rose up and hastened to their allotted stations round the lodge into which the Angry Snake and his followers had entered. The Indians appeared to be asleep, for every thing remained quiet.

"Let us first lead Miss Percival away to a place of safety," whispered Captain Sinclair.

"Do you do it then," said Alfred; "there are plenty of us without you."

Captain Sinclair hastened to the lodge in which Miss Percival had been placed, and opened the door. Mary Percival, as soon as she beheld Captain Sinclair, uttered a loud scream of delight, and, rising from the skins on which she had been laid, fell upon his neck. Captain Sinclair caught her in his arms, and was bearing her out of the lodge, when an

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Indian woman caught him by the coat; but John, who had entered, putting the muzzle of his rifle into their faces, they let go and retreated, and Captain Sinclair bore away Mary in his arms into the brushwood, where the Strawberry was standing over the Indian prisoners. The scream of Mary Percival had roused the Indians, who, after their exhaustion and privations, were in a sound sleep; but still no movement was to be heard in the lodge, and a debate, between Malachi and Alfred, whether they should enter the lodge or not, was put an end to by a rifle being fired from the lodge, and the fall of one of the soldiers, who was next to Alfred. Another shot followed, and Martin received a bullet in his shoulder, and then out bounded the Angry Snake, followed by his band, the chief whirling his tomahawk, and springing upon Malachi, while the others attacked Alfred and Martin, who were nearest to the door of the lodge. The



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rifle of Malachi met the breast of the Angry Snake as he advanced, and the contents were discharged through his body. The other Indians fought desperately, but the whole of the attacking party closing in, they were overpowered. Only two of them, however, were taken alive, and these were seriously wounded. They were tied and laid on the ground.

"He was a bad man, Sir," said Malachi, who was standing over the body of the Indian chief; "but he will do no more mischief."

"Are you much hurt, Martin?" inquired Alfred.

"No, Sir, not much; the ball has passed right through and touched no bone; so I am in luck. I'll go to the Strawberry, and get her to bind it up."

"He is quite dead, Sir," said Graves, who was kneeling by the side of the soldier who had been shot by the first rifle.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Alfred. "Well,

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I'm not sorry that they commenced the attack upon us; for I do not know whether I could have used my rifle unless they had done so."

"They never expected quarter, Sir," said Malachi.

"I suppose not. Now, what are we to do with the women? They can do no harm."

"Not much, Sir; but, at all events, we must put it out of their power. We must take possession of all the weapons we can find in the lodges. We have their two rifles; but we must collect all the bows and arrows, tomahawks, and knives, and either destroy or keep possession of them. John, will you look to that? Take Graves with you."

"Yes," replied John, who, with Graves, immediately commenced his search of the lodges.

The two women, who had been in the lodge with Mary Percival, had remained where they were, as John's rifle had kept them from leaving the lodge; but the other two had escaped into



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the woods during the affray. This was of little consequence; indeed, the others were told that they might go away, if they would; and, as soon as they heard this from Malachi, they followed the example of their companions. John and Graves brought out all the arms they could find, and Malachi and Alfred then went to the bushes to which Mary Percival and Sinclair had previously retired. Alfred embraced his cousin, who was still too greatly agitated to say much, being almost overpowered by the sudden transition in all her thoughts and feelings:—and, in the variety of her emotions, perhaps the most bewildering was that occasioned by the re-appearance of Percival,—like a restoration from the dead. Alfred was in consultation with Malachi, when he perceived the flames bursting out of the lodges. Martin, as soon as his wound was dressed, had returned and set fire to them.

"It's all right, Sir," said Malachi; "it

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will leave the proof of our victory, and be a caution to other Indians."

"But, what will become of the women?"

"They will join some other band, Sir, and tell the story. It is better that they should."

"And our prisoners, what shall we do with them?"

"Release them; by-and-by, Sir, we shall have nothing to fear from them; but we will first take them two or three days' march into the woods, in case they have alliance with any other band whom they might call to their assistance."

"And the wounded Indians?"

"Must be left to Providence, Sir. We cannot take them. We will leave them provisions and water. The women will come back and find them; if they are alive, they will look after them; if dead, bury them. But here comes John, with some bears'-skins, which he has saved for Miss Mary; that was

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thoughtful of the boy. As soon as the flames are down, we will take up our quarters in the clearing, and set a watch for the night; and to-morrow, with the help of God, we will commence our journey back. We shall bring joy to your father and mother, and the sooner we do it the better; for they must be any thing but comfortable at our long absence."

"Yes," said Mary Percival; "what a state of suspense they must be in!" "Truly, as the Bible saith, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'"

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

Not one of the party slept much on this night. There was much to do, and much to be looked after. Captain Sinclair, as it may be supposed, was fully occupied with Mary Percival, of whom more anon. As soon as they had taken up their position in the clearing, and made arrangements for the accommodation of Mary, they relieved the Strawberry from her charge of the prisoners, whom they brought to the clearing, and made to sit down close to them. Percival, who had not yet been freed from his bonds, was now untied, and suffered to walk about, one of the

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men keeping close to him, and watching him carefully. The first object which caught his eye, was the body of the Angry Snake. Percival looked on it for some time, and then sat down by the side of it. There he remained for more than two hours, without speaking, when a hole having been dug out by one of the party, the body was put in and covered up. Percival remained a few minutes by the side of the grave, and then turned to the two wounded Indians. He brought them water, and spoke to them in the Indian tongue; but while he was still with them, Mary sent for him to speak with him, for as yet she had scarcely seen him. The sight of Mary appeared to have a powerful effect upon the boy; he listened to her as she soothed and caressed him, and appearing to be overcome with a variety of sensations, he laid down, moaned, and at last fell fast asleep.

The soldier who had been shot by the

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Angry Snake, was buried before they buried the chief. Martin's wound had been dressed by his wife, the Strawberry, who was very skilful in Indian surgery. She had previously applied cataplasms made from the bruised leaves which she and the Indian woman had sought for, to the feet of Mary Percival, which were in a state of great inflammation, and Mary had found herself already much relieved by the application. Before the day dawned, the two Indians who had been wounded, were dead, and were immediately buried by the side of the chief.

Alfred and Malachi had resolved to set off the next morning on their return home, if they found it possible to convey Mary Percival; but their party was now reduced, as one of the soldiers had been killed, and Martin was incapable of service. The Indian woman would also be fully loaded with the extra rifles, the two which they had captured from the Indians,

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the one belonging to the soldier, and Martin's, who could not carry any thing in his present state.

They were now only six effective men, as John could not be of much use in carrying, and, moreover, was appointed to watch Percival. Then they had the two prisoners to take charge of, so that they were somewhat embarrassed. Malachi, however, proposed that they should make a litter of boughs, welded together very tight, and suspended on a pole, so as to be carried between two men. Mary Percival was not a very great weight, and by relieving each other continually, they would be able to get some miles every day, till Mary was well enough to walk with them. Alfred assented to this, and as soon as it was daylight went into the woods with Malachi, to assist him in cutting the boughs. On their return, they found that all the rest of the party were up, and that Mary felt little or no pain. They

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made their breakfast on their salt provisions, which were now nearly expended, and as soon as their meal was over, they put Mary upon the litter and set off, taking the Indian prisoners with them, as they thought it not yet advisable to give them their liberty. The first day they made but a few miles, as they were obliged to stop, that they might procure some food. The party were left under a large tree, which was a good land-mark, under the charge of Captain Sinclair, while Malachi and Alfred went in search of game. At nightfall they returned with a deer which they had killed, when the Strawberry informed them that the Indian woman had told her, that about two miles to the southward there was a river which ran into the lake, and that there were two canoes belonging to the band, hauled up in the bushes on the beach; that the river was broad and swift, and would soon take them to the lake, by the shores of which they could paddle the canoe to the

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settlement. This appeared worthy of consideration, as it would in the end, perhaps, save time, and at all events allow Mary Percival to recover. They decided that they would go to the river, and take the canoes, as the Indian woman said that they were large enough to hold them all.

The next morning, guided by the Indian woman, they set off in the direction of the river, and arrived at it in the afternoon. They found the canoes, which were large, and in good order, and having carried them down to the beach, they resolved to put off their embarkation till the following day, as they were again in want of provisions for their subsistence. Alfred, Malachi, and John went out this time, for Percival had shewn himself so quiet and contented, and had gradually become so fond of being near Mary Percival, that he appeared to have awakened from his Indian dream, and renewed all his former associations. They did

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not, therefore, think it necessary to watch him any more — indeed, he never would leave Mary's side, and began now to ask many questions, which proved that he had recalled to mind much of what had been forgotten during his long sojourn with the Indians. The hunters returned, having been very successful, and loaded with meat enough to last for four or five days. At daylight the next morning, they led the prisoners about half a mile into the woods, and pointing to the north, as to the direction they were to go, cast loose the deer thongs which confined them, and set them at liberty. Having done this, they embarked in the canoes, and were soon gliding rapidly down the stream.

The river upon which they embarked, at that time little known to the Europeans, is now called the river Thames, and the town built upon it is named London. It falls into the upper part of Lake Erie, and is a fine rapid

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stream. For three days they paddled their canoes, disembarking at night to sleep and cook their provisions, and on the fourth they were compelled to stop, that they might procure more food. They were successful, and on the next day they entered the lake, about two hundred miles to the west of the settlement. Mary Percival was now quite recovered, and found her journey or voyage delightful; the country was in full beauty; the trees waved their boughs down to the river side, and they did not fall in with any Indians, or perceive any lodges on the bank. Sometimes they started the deer which had come down to drink in the stream, and on one occasion, as they rounded a point, they fell in with a herd which were in the water swimming across, and in this position they destroyed as many as they required for their food till they hoped to arrive at the settlement.

Percival was now quite reconciled to his removal from an Indian life, and appeared most

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anxious to rejoin his father and mother, of whom he talked incessantly; for he had again recovered his English, which, strange to say, although he perfectly understood it when spoken to, he had almost forgotten to pronounce, and at first spoke with difficulty. The weather was remarkably fine, and the waters of the lake were so smooth, that they made rapid progress, although they invariably disembarked at night. The only annoyance they had was from the musquitoes, which rose in clouds as soon as they landed, and were not to be dispersed until they had lighted a very large fire, accompanied with thick smoke: but this was a trifle compared with their joy at the happy deliverance of the prisoners, and success of their expedition. Most grateful, indeed, were they to God for his mercies, and none more so than Mary Percival and Captain Sinclair, who never left her side till it was time to retire to rest.

On the sixth day, in the forenoon, they were

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delighted to perceive Fort Frontigniac in the distance, and although the house at the settlement was hid from their sight by the point covered with wood which intervened, they knew that they were not above four or five miles distant. In less than another hour, they were abreast of the prairie, and landed at the spot where their own punt was moored. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell had not perceived the canoes, for although anxiously looking out every day for the return of the party, their eyes and attention were directed on land, not having any idea of their return by water.

"My dear Alfred," said Mary, "I do not think it will be prudent to let my aunt see Percival at once; we must prepare her a little for his appearance. She has so long considered him as dead, that the shock may be too great."

"You say true, my dear Mary. Then we will go forward with Captain Sinclair, and Malachi, and John. Let Percival be put in the

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middle of the remainder of the party, who must follow afterwards, and then be taken up to Malachi's lodge. He can remain there with the Strawberry until we come and fetch him."

Having made this arrangement, to which Percival was with difficulty made to agree, they walked up, as proposed, to the house. Outside of the palisade, they perceived Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, with their backs towards them, looking towards the forest, in the direction which the party had taken when they left. But when they were half-way from the beach, Henry came out with Oscar from the cottage, and the dog immediately perceiving them, bounded to them, barking with delight. Henry cried out, "Father—mother, here they are,—here they come." Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of course turned round, and beheld the party advancing; they flew to meet them, and as they caught Mary in their arms, all explanation



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was for a time unnecessary—she was recovered, and that was sufficient for the time.

"Come, mother, let us go into the house, that you may compose yourself a little," said Alfred,—that she might not perceive Percival among the party that followed at a little distance. "Let me support you. Take my arm."

Mrs. Campbell, who trembled very much, did so, and thus turned away from the group among whom Percival was walking. Emma was looking at them attentively, and was about to exclaim, when Captain Sinclair put his finger to his lips.

As soon as they arrived at the house, and had gone in, Alfred, in a few words, gave them an account of what had passed—how successful they had been in their attempt, and how little they had to fear from the Indians in future.

"How grateful I am!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell. "God be praised for all his mercies! I was fearful that I should have lost you, my

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dear Mary, as well as my poor boy. He is lost for ever—but God's will be done."

"It is very strange, mother," said Alfred, "but we heard, on our journey, that the Indians had found a white boy in the woods."

"Alas! not mine."

"I have reason to believe that it was Percival, my dear mother, and have hopes that he is yet alive."

"My dear Alfred, do not say so unless you have good cause; you little know the yearnings of a mother's heart; the very suggestion of such a hope has thrown me into a state of agitation and nervousness of which you can form no conception. I have been reconciled to the divine will; let me not return to a state of anxiety and repining."

"Do you think, my dear mother, that I would raise such hopes if I had not good reason to suppose that they would be realized? No, my dear mother, I am not so cruel."



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"Then you know that Percival is alive," said Mrs. Campbell, seizing Alfred by the arm.

"Calm yourself, my dear mother, I do know —I am certain that he is alive, and that it was he who was found by the Indians; and I have great hopes that we may recover him."

"God grant it! God grant it in his great mercy!" said Mrs. Campbell, "my heart is almost breaking with joy: may God sustain me! Oh, where is—my dear Alfred—where is he?" continued Mrs. Campbell. Alfred made no reply, but a flood of tears came to her relief.

"I will explain it to you when you are more composed, my dear mother. Emma, you have not said one word to me."

"I have been too much overjoyed to speak, Alfred," replied Emma, extending her hand to Alfred, "but no one welcomes your return more sincerely than I do, and no one is more grateful to you for having brought Mary back.

"Now, Alfred, I am calm," said Mrs.

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Campbell, "so let me hear at once all you know."

"I see you are calm, my dear mother, and I therefore now tell you that Percival is not far off."

"Alfred! he is here; I am sure he is."

"He is with Malachi and the Strawberry; in a minute I will bring him."

Alfred left the house: the intelligence was almost too overpowering for Mrs. Campbell. Mary and Emma hastened to her, and supported her. In another minute Alfred returned with Percival, and the mother embraced and wept over her long lost child,—and then gave him to his father's arms.

"How this has happened, and by what merciful interference he has been preserved and restored to us," said Mr. Campbell, when their first emotions were over, "we have yet to learn; but one thing we do know, and are sure of, that it is by the goodness of God alone.

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Let us return our thanks while our hearts are yet warm with gratitude and love, and may our thanksgivings be graciously received."

Mr. Campbell knelt down, and his example was followed by all the rest of the party assembled. In a fervent tone he returned thanks for the recent mercies vouchsafed to his family, which, he expressed a hope, would never be forgotten, but would prove a powerful inducement to them all, to lead a more devout life of faith in Him who had so graciously supported them in the hour of peril and affliction,—who had so wonderfully restored to them their lost treasures, and turned all their gloom into sunshine,—filling their hearts with joy and gladness.

"And now, my dear Alfred," said Mrs. Campbell, whose arms still encircled the neck of Percival, "do pray tell us what has taken place, and how you recovered Mary and this dear boy."

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Alfred then entered into his detail, first stating the knowledge which Captain Sinclair, Malachi, and himself had of Percival being still in existence from the letter written by the Indian woman,—the seizure and confinement of the Young Otter in consequence, which was retaliated by the abduction of Mary. When he had finished, Mr. Campbell said—

"And poor Martin, where is he, that I may thank him?"

"He is at his own lodge, with the Strawberry, who is dressing his wound; for we have not been able to do so for two or three days, and it has become very painful."

"We owe him a large debt of gratitude," said Mr. Campbell; "he has suffered much on our account. And your poor man, Captain Sinclair, who fell!"

"Yes," replied Sinclair, "he was one of our best men—but it was the will of Heaven. He lost his life in the recovery of my dear Mary,

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and I shall not forget his wife and child, you may depend upon it."

"Now, Mary, let us have your narrative of what passed when you were in company of the Indians, before your rescue."

"I was, as you know, gathering the cranberries in the Cedar Swamp, when I was suddenly seized, and something was thrust against my mouth, so that I had no time or power to cry out. My head was then wrapt up in some folds of blanket, by which I was almost suffocated, and I was then lifted up and borne away by two or three men. For a time I kept my senses, but at last the suffocation was so great, that my head swam, and I believe I fainted, for I do not recollect being put down; yet after a time I found myself lying under a tree, and surrounded by five or six Indians, who were squatted round me. I was not a little terrified, as you may imagine. They neither moved nor spoke for some time; I endeavoured to rise, but a hand on my shoulder kept me down, and I did not at-

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tempt an useless resistance. Soon afterwards, an Indian woman brought me some water, and I immediately recognized her as the one whom we had succoured when we found her in the woods. This gave me courage and hope, though her countenance was immoveable, and I could not perceive, even by her eyes, that she attempted any recognition; but reflection convinced me that if she intended to help me, she was right in so doing. After I had raised myself, and drunk some water, the Indians had a talk in a low voice. I observed that they paid deference to one, and from the description which my father and Alfred had given of the Angry Snake, I felt sure that it was he. We remained about half an hour on this spot, when they rose, and made signs to me that I was to come with them. Of course I could do no otherwise, and we walked till night came on, when I was, as you may imagine, not a little tired. They then left me with the Indian woman, retiring a few yards from me. The woman made signs that I was to sleep, and

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although I thought that was impossible, I was so much fatigued that, after putting up my prayers to the Almighty, I had not laid down many minutes before I was fast asleep.

"Before daylight, I was awakened by their voices, and the woman brought me a handful of parched Indian corn; not quite so good a breakfast as I had been accustomed to; but I was hungry, and I contrived to eat it. As soon as the day broke we set off again, and towards evening arrived at a lake. A canoe was brought out from some bushes; we all got into it, and paddled up along the banks for two or three hours, when we disembarked and renewed our journey. My feet were now becoming very sore and painful, for they were blistered all over, and I could scarcely get along; they compelled me, however, to proceed, not using any great force, but still dragging me and pushing me, to make me keep up with them. I soon perceived that I was a prisoner

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only, and not likely to be ill treated if I complied with their wishes. Towards evening I could hardly put one foot before the other, for they had obliged me to walk on the water of a stream for two or three miles, and my shoes were quite worn out in consequence. At night they again stopped, and the Indian woman prepared some herbs, and applied them to my feet. This gave me great relief, but still she continued to take no notice of any signs I made to her. The next morning I found I had received so much benefit from the application of the herbs, that for the first half of the day I walked on pretty well, and was a little in advance, when hearing the chief speak in an angry tone behind me, I turned round, and, to my horror, saw him raise his tomahawk, and strike down the poor Indian woman. I could not refrain from hastening to her; but I had just time to perceive that her skull was cloven, and that she was, as I imagined,

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dead, when I was dragged away and forced to continue my journey. You may imagine how my blood curdled at this scene, and how great were now my apprehensions for myself. Why I had been carried away I knew not, for I was as ignorant as you were of Percival being alive, and of the Young Otter having been detained at the fort. My idea was, when the chief struck down the Indian woman, that it was to get rid of her, and that I was to replace her. This idea was almost madness, but still I had hope, and I prayed as I walked along to that God who sees the most secret act, and hears the most silent prayer of the heart, and I felt an assurance while praying that I should be rescued. I knew that my absence would be immediately discovered, and that there were those who would risk their lives to rescue me if I was still in existence; and I therefore used all my efforts to walk on as fast as I could, and not irritate the Indians. But that night I had no one to dress my feet, which were bleeding

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and very much swelled, and I was very wretched when I lay down alone. I could not drive from my thoughts the poor Indian woman weltering in her blood and murdered for no crime or fault—nothing that I could discover. The next morning, as usual, my food was some parched Indian corn, and of that I received only a handful for my sustenance during the twenty-four hours; however, hunger I never felt, I had too much pain. I was able to drag myself on till about noon, when I felt that I could not proceed farther. I stopped and sat down; the chief ordered me to get up again by signs; I pointed to my feet, which were now swelled above the ankles, but he insisted, and raised his tomahawk to frighten me into compliance. I was so worn out, that I could have almost received the blow with thankfulness, but I remembered you, my dear uncle and aunt and others, and resolved for your sakes to make one more effort. I did so; I ran and walked for an hour more in perfect agony; at last nature

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could support the pain no longer, and I fell insensible."

"My poor Mary!" exclaimed Emma.

"I thought of you often and often, my dear sister," replied Mary, kissing her.

"I believe it was a long while before I came to my senses," continued Mary, "for when I did, I found that the Indians were very busy weaving branches into a sort of litter. As soon as they had finished, they put me upon it, and I was carried by two of them swinging on a pole which they put on their shoulders. I need hardly say, that the journey was now more agreeable than it was before, although my feet were in a dreadful state, and gave me much pain. That night we stopped by a rivulet, and I kept my feet in the water for two or three hours, which brought down the inflammation and swelling very much, and I contrived after that to gain some sleep. They carried me one more day, when they considered that they had done enough, and I was again ordered to walk; I

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did so for two days, and was then in the same condition as before. A litter was therefore again constructed, and I was carried till I arrived at the lodges of the Angry Snake and his band. What passed from that time you have heard from Alfred."

When Mary Percival had finished her narrative, they all sat down to supper, and it hardly need be said that Mr. Campbell did not fail, before they retired to rest, again to pour forth his thanksgivings to the Almighty for the preservation of those who were so dear. The next morning, they all rose in health and spirits. Martin came early to the house with the Strawberry; his wound was much better, and he received the thanks and condolence of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

When they were at breakfast, Mr. Campbell said, "John, in our joy at seeing your brother and cousin again, I quite forgot to scold you for running away as you did."

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"Then don't do it now, Sir," said Malachi, "for he was very useful, I can assure you."

"No, I won't scold him now," replied Mr. Campbell; "but he must not act so another time. If he had confided to me his anxious wish to join you, I should probably have given my permission."

"I must now take my leave, and return to the fort," said Captain Sinclair; "I do, however, trust I shall see you all again in a few days, but I must report the results of the expedition, and the death of poor Watkins. May I borrow one of your horses, Mr. Campbell?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Campbell; "you know the *bateau* is expected every day from Montreal; perhaps you will bring us our letters when it arrives."

Captain Sinclair took his leave, as it may be imagined, very reluctantly, and in a day or two the family again settled down to their usual

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occupations. The emigrants had, during the absence of the expedition, gathered in a great portion of the corn, and now all hands were employed in finishing the harvest.

"How happy we are now, Mary," said Emma to her sister, as they were walking by the stream, watching John, who was catching trout.

"Yes, my dear Emma, we have had a lesson which will, I trust, prevent any future repining, if we have felt any, at our present position. The misery we have been rescued from has shewn us how much we have to be thankful for. We have nothing more to fear from the Indians, and I feel as if I could now pass the remainder of my life here in peace and thankfulness."

"Not without Captain Sinclair."

"Not always without him; the time will, I trust, come when I may reward him for his patience and his regard for me; but it has not



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yet come; and it's for my uncle and aunt to decide when it shall. Where's Percival?"

"He is gone into the woods with Malachi, and with a rifle on his shoulder, of which he is not a little proud. John is not at all jealous. He says that Percival ought to know how to fire a rifle, and throw away that foolish bow and arrows. Do you not think that his residence among the Indians has made a great change in Percival?"

"A very great one; he is more manly and more taciturn; he appears to think more and talk less. But Henry is beckoning to us. Dinner is ready, and we must not keep hungry people waiting."

"No," replied Emma; "for in that case I should keep myself waiting."

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## CHAPTER XIX.

Captain Sinclair on his return to Fort Frontignac reported to the Colonel the successful result of the expedition, and was warmly congratulated upon it, as the Colonel had been made acquainted with the engagement between him and Mary Percival. The Young Otter who had remained in confinement during Captain Sinclair's absence, was now set at liberty; and the Colonel, who was aware that Captain Sinclair must be very anxious to remain at the settlement for a short time after what had occurred, very kindly offered him leave for a few days, which it may be supposed Captain Sinclair did



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not fail to avail himself of. The Colonel at the same time sent a message to Mr. Campbell, stating that as soon as the *bateaux* should arrive from Montreal, he would bring any letters or newspapers that might arrive for them, and take that opportunity of offering in person his congratulations.

Captain Sinclair did not, however, return for two or three days, as he had many letters to write in answer to those which had arrived during his absence. On his return to the settlement, he found them all well and happy; Mary quite recovered from her fatigue, and every thing going on in the same quiet order and method as if the expedition had never taken place, and had never been necessary. Indeed, nothing appeared now wanting to the happiness of the whole party, and their affairs were prospering. The emigrants who had joined Mr. Campbell were industrious and intelligent, very civil, and very useful. They

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paid the greatest respect to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who were certainly very liberal and kind to them, assisting them in every way in their power. Although the farm had been so much increased, the labour was light, from the quantity of hands they could command; the stock had increased very fast; old Graves had taken charge of the mill during the absence of Alfred and Martin, and had expressed his wish to continue in that employment, which Alfred gladly gave up. In short, peace and plenty reigned in the settlement, and Alfred's words when he recommended his father to go to Canada, had every prospect of becoming true—that his father would be independent, if not rich, and leave his children the same. In three days Captain Sinclair arrived; he was received with great warmth by all the party, and after dinner was over, Mr. Campbell addressed the family as follows:—

"My dear children, your mother and I have

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had some conversation on one or two points, and we have come to the decision that having so much to thank God for, in his kindness and mercies shewn towards us, it would be selfish on our parts if we did not consult the happiness of others. We are now independent, and with every prospect of being more so every day; we are no longer isolated, but surrounded by those who are attached to us, and will protect us should there be any occasion. In short, we are living in comfort and security, and we trust to Providence that we shall continue so to do. You, my dear Alfred, generously abandoned your profession to which you were so partial, to come and protect us in the wilderness, and we knew too well the value of your services not to accept them, although we were fully aware of the sacrifice which you made; but we are no longer in a wilderness, and no longer require your strong arm and bold heart. We have therefore decided that it is our duty

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no longer to keep you from the profession to which you belong, but, on the contrary, to recommend you now to rejoin it and follow up your career, which we trust in God may prove as prosperous as we are convinced it will be honourable. Take our best thanks, my dear boy, for your kindness to us, and now consider yourself at liberty to return to England, and rejoin the service as soon as you please.

"And now I must address you, my dear Mary; you and your sister accompanied us here, and since you have been with us, have cheered us during our stay by your attentions and unwearied cheerfulness under all the privations which we at first had to encounter. You have engaged the affections of an honourable and deserving man, but at the same time have never shewn the least disposition to leave us; indeed, we know what your determination has been, but your aunt and I consider it our present duty to say, that much as we shall regret to part

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with one so dear, you must no longer sacrifice yourself for us, but make him happy who so well deserves you. That you will remain here is of course out of the question; your husband's connections and fortune require that he should return to England, and not bury himself in the woods of Canada. You have therefore our full permission, and I may say, it will be most pleasing to us, if you no longer delay your union with Captain Sinclair and follow your husband; whenever and wherever you go, you will have our blessings and our prayers, and the satisfaction of knowing that you have been to us as a dutiful daughter, and that we love you as dearly as it is possible for parents to do. Take her, Captain Sinclair, from my hands, and take with her our blessings and best wishes for your happiness, which I do not doubt will be as great as we can expect in this chequered world; for a dutiful daughter will always become a good wife."

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Mary, who was sitting between Mrs. Campbell and Captain Sinclair, fell upon her aunt's neck and wept; Mr. Campbell extended his hand to Captain Sinclair, who expressed in return his warmest thanks and gratitude. Alfred, who had said nothing more, went up to his mother and kissed her.

"I wish you to go, Alfred," said his mother; "I wish you to rejoin a service to which you are a credit. Do not believe otherwise, or that I shall grieve too much at your departure."

"Go, my son," said Mr. Campbell, shaking him by the hand, "and let me see you a post-captain before I die."

Mrs. Campbell now took Mary Percival into the next room, that she might compose herself, and Captain Sinclair ventured to follow. Every one appeared happy at this announcement of Mr. Campbell except Emma, who looked unusually serious. Alfred, perceiving it, said to her,

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"Emma, you are very grave at the idea of losing Mary, and I do not wonder at it, but you will have one consolation,—you will lose me too, and I shall no longer plague you as you continually complain that I do."

"I never thought of that," replied Emma, half angry; "well, you *are* a great plague, and the sooner you go—"

Emma did not, however, finish her speech, but left the room, to join her sister.

Now that Mr. Campbell had announced his wishes, the subject of Mary's marriage and Alfred's return to the service was, for a few days, the continual subject of discussion. It was decided that Mary should be married in a month, by the chaplain of the fort who had returned, and that Captain Sinclair, with his wife and Alfred, should leave the settlement at the end of September, so as to arrive at Quebec in good time for sailing before the winter should set in. It was now the last week in August, so that

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there was not much time to pass away previous to their departure. Captain Sinclair returned to the fort, to make the Colonel acquainted with what had passed, and to take the necessary steps for leave of absence, and his return to England. This, from his interest with the Governor, he was sure to obtain, and when in England, it would be time sufficient to decide whether he should leave that service or exchange into some regiment at home. As every prospect of war or disturbance in Canada was now over, he could take either step without any censure being laid upon him.

A week afterwards, the *bateaux* arrived from Montreal, and the Colonel and Captain Sinclair made their appearance at the settlement, bringing with them the letters and papers from England.

Having received the congratulations of the Colonel, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, with his permission, opened their letters, for all the

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family were present, and all, as usual, anxious to hear the news. The first letter Mr. Campbell opened, to the surprise of all, produced an immediate change in his countenance. He read it a second time, and laying it down on his knee, appeared to remain in a state of complete abstraction.

"No bad news, I hope, Campbell," said his wife anxiously, as all the rest looked upon him with astonishment.

"No, my dear Emily, no bad news, but most unexpected news; such as it has been my fortune in life to receive once before this time. You remember, although years have since passed, the letter that was brought us to our little parlour—"

"Which put you in possession of Wexton Hall, Campbell."

"Yes, I did refer to that; but I will not keep you all in longer suspense. This is but a counterpart of the former letter."

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Mr. Campbell then read as follows :—

"May 7, 18—

"Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure that we have again to communicate to you that you may return, as soon as you please, and take possession of the Wexton Hall property.

"You may remember that many months back Mr. Douglas Campbell received a fall from his horse when hunting. No serious consequences were anticipated, but it appears that his spine was injured, and after some months' close confinement, he expired on the 9th of April. As Mr. Douglas Campbell has left no issue, and you are the next in tail, you have now undisputed possession of the property which you so honourably surrendered some years since.

"I have taken upon myself to act as your agent since Mr. Campbell's decease. Mrs. D. Campbell has a handsome settlement upon the

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property, which will of course fall in upon her demise. Waiting your commands,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"J. HARVEY."

"Mr. Campbell, I congratulate you with all my heart," said the Colonel, rising up, and taking his hand. "You have proved yourself deserving of such good fortune; Mrs. Campbell, I need hardly add that my congratulations extend to you."

Surprise at first rendered Mrs. Campbell mute; at last she said—

"We are in the hands of Him, and do but execute His will. For your sake, my dear Campbell, for the children's sake, perhaps, I ought to rejoice—we hardly know. That I am happy here, now that my children have been restored to me, I confess. I doubt whether that happiness will be increased by the return to Wexton Hall; at all events, I shall leave

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this place with regret. We have had too many revolutions of fortune, Campbell, since we have been united, not to have learnt by experience that a peaceful, quiet, and contented home is more necessary to our happiness than riches."

"I feel as you do, Emily," replied Mr. Campbell, "but we are growing old, and have been taught wisdom practically, by the events of a chequered life. Our children, I perceive, think otherwise—nor do I wonder at it."

"I shan't go," said John; "I shall only be sent to school; no master shall flog me—I'm a man."

"Nor me," cried Percival.

The Colonel and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, as well as the elder portion of the party, could not help smiling at the exclamations of the two boys. They had both played the part of men, and it was but too evident how unfitted they would be for future scholastic discipline.

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"You shall neither of you go to school," replied Mr. Campbell, "but still you must render yourselves fit for your stations in life, by improving your minds, and attending to those who will instruct you."

It is hard to say whether much real joy was felt by any of the party at the prospect of returning to England. It is true that Mary Percival was delighted at the idea of not being so far from her aunt and uncle, and that Emma was better pleased to be in England, for reasons which she kept to herself. But it was not the coming into the large property which occasioned pleasure to any of them. However, if there was not much pleasure derived from this re-accession to property, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell knew their duty too well to hesitate, and every preparation was commenced for their return along with Alfred and Captain Sinclair. John, however, still continued obstinate in declaring that he would not go, and Percival was

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very much of John's opinion, although he did not speak so plainly.

When Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were alone, the former said to his wife,—

"I do not know what to do about John. He appears so resolute in his determination not to go with us, that I fear he will run away into the woods at the time of our departure. He is now continually with Malachi and Martin, and appears to have severed himself from his family."

"It is hard to decide, Campbell; I have more than once thought it would be better to leave him here. He is our youngest son. Henry will of course inherit the estate, and we shall have to provide for the others out of our savings. Now this property, by the time that John is of age, will be of no inconsiderable value, and by no means a bad fortune for a younger son. He appears s wedded to the woods and a life of nature, that I fear it would



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only be the cause of continual regret and discontent if we did take him to England; and if so, what comfort or advantage should we gain by his returning? I hardly know what to advise."

"I have serious thoughts of leaving him here, under the charge of Martin and Malachi," replied Mr. Campbell. "He would be happy; by-and-by he would be rich. What could he obtain more in England? But it must be for you to decide, my dear Emily. I know a mother's feelings, and respect them."

"I cannot decide at once, my dear husband. I will first talk with John, and consult with Alfred and Henry."

The result of Mrs. Campbell's communicating with her sons, was a decision that John should remain in Canada, under the charge of Martin and Malachi, who were to superintend the farm, and watch over him. Martin was to take charge of the farm. Malachi was to be John's companion in the woods, and old

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Graves, who had their mill under his care, engaged to correspond with Mr. Campbell, and let them know how things went on. When this was settled, John walked at least two inches higher, and promised to write to his mother himself. The Colonel, when he heard the arrangement, pledged himself that as long as he was in command of the fort, he would keep a watchful eye, not only over John, but the whole of the settlement, and communicate occasionally with Mr. Campbell.

A month after the receipt of the letter, the whole family, with the exception of John, embarked in two *bateaux*, and arrived at Montreal, where they remained a day or two, and then proceeded to Quebec.

At Quebec, their agent had already taken all the cabins of one of the finest ships for their passage, and after a run of six weeks, they once more found themselves at Liverpool, from which town they posted to Wexton Hall, Mrs.

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Douglas Campbell having retired to a property of her own in Scotland.

We have now finished our tale, and have only to inform our little readers what were the after lives of the Campbell family.

Henry did not return to college, but remained with his father and mother at the Hall, employing himself in superintending for his father the property to which he afterwards succeeded.

Alfred was appointed to a ship commanded by Captain Lumley. He soon rose in the service, was highly distinguished as a gallant clever officer, and four years after his return to England was married to his cousin Emma—at which the reader will not be surprised.

Mary Percival was married to Captain Sinclair, who sold out, and retired upon half-pay, to live upon his estates in Scotland.

Percival went to college, and turned out a very clever lawyer.

John remained in Canada until he was

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twenty years old, when he came home to see his father and mother. He had grown to six feet four inches high, and was stout in proportion. He was a very amusing fellow, and could talk fast enough, but his chief conversation was upon hunting and sporting. The farm had been well conducted; the emigrants had adhered to the agreements, and were now cultivating for themselves. Martin had three little papooses (as the Indians call the children) by the Strawberry. Malachi had grown too old to go out often into the woods, and he sat by the fire in the winter, and basked in the sun at the door of the house during the summer. Oscar was dead, but they had some fine puppies of his breed. Mr. Campbell gave John a deed, on his return, conveying to him the Canadian property, and shortly afterwards John picked up a little Canadian wife at Quebec, who made him perfectly happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell lived to a good old

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age, respected as long as they lived, and lamented when they died. They had known prosperity and adversity, and in each state of life had acquitted themselves with exemplary propriety, not having been elated by the one, or depressed by the other. They knew that this world was a world of trial, and but a preparation for another; they, therefore, did their duty in that state of life to which it pleased God to call them—proving in all their actions, that they remembered their duty to their God, and their duty to their neighbour; living and dying (as I hope all my young readers will) sincere and good Christians.

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